


*Pauline Frow
Gressino*



Elmhurst Memories

DEDICATED
TO THE
ALUMNI
OF
ELMHURST COLLEGE

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Class of 1914

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PREFACE

TO SHOW that we appreciate the advantages and blessings, the happy days and the dear companions that have been ours thru the past four years; to create an opportunity for those who once called Elmhurst their home and who are now far away to live again in the scenes of their college days; to leave a memorial of the class of 1914 and a souvenir of Elmhurst College were the cause and reason for the debut of the Elmhurst Memories.

CLASS OF 1914



DEAR ELMHURST

DEAR ELMHURST, 'tis of thee,
 Abode of learning free,
 Of thee we sing.
 Place, where our fathers learned,
 The chains of darkness spurned,
 And after knowledge yearned,
 Thy praise we bring.



Our Alma Mater dear,
 Of this thou needst not fear,
 Thy name we love;
 We love thy tutors wise,
 Thy halls we'd ne'er despise,
 Our hearts with rapture rise,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
 And ring from all the trees,
 Thy name proclaim;
 Proclaim thy campus green,
 Thy trees with paths between,
 Thy field, oft vic'try's scene,
 Long live thy name.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Staff of our ministry,
 To thee we sing.
 Long may our school be bright
 With Thine own holy light,
 Protect it by Thy might,
 Great God, our king.

By Reinhart Lehmann.

Vergangenheit und Gegenwart.

Von Paul Weltge.

Es ist immer interessant, den Werdegang eines großen Mannes oder einer einflußreichen Anstalt zu verfolgen. Daher sind wir überzeugt, daß es den werten Lesern, die ja zum Teil das Proseminar absolviert haben, angenehm sein wird, wenn wir ihnen einen kurzen Ueberblick geben über die Gründung, Entwicklung und den gegenwärtigen Stand dieser Anstalt.

Anno 1870 beschloß die Evangelische Synode des Westens auf der Generalkonferenz in Louisville, ein Proseminar zu gründen, in welchem christliche Jünglinge auf das theologische Studium und für's Lehramt vorbereitet werden sollten. Als Ort wurde Evansville, Ind., erwählt, und Pastor C. Kranz von Mishawaka, Ind., wurde als Inspektor berufen. Es wurde in Evansville ein einfaches Wohnhaus als vorläufige Heimat der jungen Anstalt gemietet.

Am 17. Januar 1871, morgens 9 Uhr, versammelte sich die Aufsichtsbehörde in der Anstalt, nämlich die Pastoren C. C. Klausen, G. Müller, A. Schorch und Herr Feldwisch. Es wurden folgende neun Schüler aufgenommen: G. Stanger, F. Giesemann, H. Walser, H. C. W. Graeper, J. Fink, H. Steller, Joh. Rausch, G. Appel und J. Haug. Nach der Aufnahme begaben sich Schüler, Komitee und Inspektor Kranz, nebst einigen auswärtigen Gästen in den Lehrsaal zur Eröff-

nungsfeier. Nach dem Gesang des Liedes: „Das malte Gott, der helfen kann,“ verlas Pastor Schrent Jesajas 54 und sprach das Eröffnungsgebet. Pastor Klausen hielt die Eröffnungsrede über Psalm 118, 24 u. 25. Alsdann verpflichtete er den Inspektor auf sein Amt. Hierauf predigte Pastor Kranz über Psalm 60, 14: „Mit Gott wollen wir Thaten tun,“ und gelobte, seine ganze Kraft und Fähigkeit daran zu setzen, daß das neubegonnene Werk erblühe zum Aufbau der Synode, wenn nur der Herr seinen Segen dazu geben wolle. Nach etlichen anderen Reden wurde der Gottesdienst mit Gebet und Segen geschlossen. Das Proseminar war eröffnet.

Etliche Wochen nach der Eröffnung traten noch sechs Schüler ein. Der Anfang war gering: Ein Lehrer und fünfzehn Schüler. Aber was groß werden soll, muß klein anfangen. Besonders war dies der Fall im Reiche Gottes, das ja mit dem kleinen Senforn verglichen wird.

Doch das Seminar hatte in Evansville keine bleibende Stätte. Noch in demselben Jahre 1871 vereinigten sich die Synode des Westens und die Synode des Nordwestens und beschloßen, daß das Melancthon-Seminar in Elmhurst, Ill., bisher ein Predigerseminar, der vereinigten Synode gehören und das Proseminar aus Evansville in die Räume des bisherigen Melancthon-Seminars verlegt werden sollte.



Das Hauptgebäude.

Im Dezember 1871 begab sich das ganze Prosseminar auf die Reise von Evansville nach Elmhurst. Dabei zeigte es sich wieder, daß es keine Reise ohne Schwierigkeiten gibt. Die Gesellschaft kam wohl glücklich an, aber die Car mit dem Gepäck blieb aus. Diese machte inzwischen Vergnügungsreisen in verschiedenen nördlichen Staaten. Jedoch die Glieder der St. Petri-Gemeinde in Elmhurst verpflegten die obdachlosen Studenten so lange, bis die reiseflustige Car ankam und sie sich im Melancthon-Seminar einrichten konnten.

Das Melancthon-Seminar war ein für Privatzwecke gebautes Framehaus von sehr bescheidener Größe. Die Studenten mußten daher in der Attic schlafen, wo die Betten so nahe neben einander standen, daß man vom Fußende hinein kriechen mußte. Fenster waren nicht in dem Schlaflokal, aber

nichtsdestoweniger genügend frische Luft; denn der Wind pffiff durch die Luftlöcher und wehte den Schnee zuweilen zolltief über die Betten. Bald wurde es noch ungemütlicher, denn die Schülerzahl wuchs auf vierundzwanzig. Nun waren die Betten so nahe neben einander, daß kaum eine Maus dazwischen durchkriechen konnte.

Im folgenden Frühjahr rückten noch etliche Studenten ein. Jetzt war es auch mit dem besten Willen unmöglich, alle unterzubringen. Jedoch praktische Leute wissen sich zu helfen. Um der Not ein Ende zu machen, bauten die Studenten einen provisorischen Schlafrum an den Kuhstall an. Dieser gewährte Obdach für zwölf bis fünfzehn Betten. Aber bald mißfiel den Bewohnern das Kuhstall-Aroma und das Herumtanzen der Hühner auf ihren Betten, und sie sahen sich genötigt, ein neues Haus zu bauen. Dieses enthielt wiederum fünfzehn Betten nebst einigen Pulten. Das neue Haus konnte



Trion Halle.

jedoch nicht sofort verputzt („geplästert“) werden und war infolge dessen auch anfangs durchaus nicht übergemütlich warm. Einmal hatten die Zöglinge das Unglück, hier böllig einzuschneien, so daß man sie herauschaufeln mußte.

Anno 1873 zwang die Not zur Errichtung eines Seminargebäudes (später wurde es als Wirtschaftsgebäude benutzt, und jetzt dient es als Musikhaus). Nun meinte man, für etliche Jahre genügend Raum zu haben. Aber schon 1876 gebrach es derartig an Raum, daß zwei Klassen auf einmal dem Predigerseminar überwiesen werden mußten. 1877 stieg die Schülerzahl auf einhundert.

Im Jahre 1878 mußte wiederum gebaut werden. Diesmal wurde das große Hauptgebäude errichtet. Dieses bot genügend Raum auf viele Jahre.

Im Winter 1881/82 herrschten traurige Zeiten für die liebe Anstalt. Der Typhus forderte etliche Opfer, und dieselbe mußte für eine Zeit lang geschlossen werden. Anno 1878 wütete die Diphtheritis und zwang zur Unterbrechung des Unterrichts auf anderthalb Monat. Aber der Herr hat auch in dieser schweren Zeit seine Arme schützend über das Prosseminar ausgestreckt, und die schweren Tage gingen vorüber.

Anno 1893 wurde zwei Professorenwohnungen am Nordende des Anstaltsplatzes errichtet, und im Jahre 1895 wiederum zwei.

Anno 1896 feierte das Prosseminar sein fünfundsiebenzigjähriges Jubiläum und erhielt von der Synode das gegenwärtige Wirtschaftsgebäude als Jubiläumsgeschenk. Dieses Jahr begann mit hundertunddreißig Schülern.

Jährlich wurde die Zahl der Studenten größer. Auch

das große Hauptgebäude vermochte es nicht mehr, zwischen seinen umfangreichen Mauern allen Unterkunft zu bieten. Die Räume waren nun entschieden zu klein, als daß man noch gemütlich darin hätte wohnen können. Doch kommt Zeit, kommt Rat. Die Errichtung eines neuen Gebäudes wurde von der Behörde angeregt und von Pastor Dinkmeier auf der Generalkonferenz zu Burlington 1909 beantragt. Hier wurde nun beschlossen, ein neues, modernes Gebäude zu errichten. Anno 1911 schritt man zur Ausführung des Planes, und anno 1912 wurde der Bau vollendet. Dieses Gebäude wurde zu Ehren des Herrn Direktors „Irion Hall“ genannt. Zugleich wurde ein neues Kesselhaus und neue Kessel nebst Pumpen und allem Zubehör angeschafft und ein neuer Brunnen gebohrt.

Da wir nun soweit die Entwicklung der Anstalt geschildert haben, müssen wir auch in Ehren derer gedenken, die durch ihre Dienste zu dem Aufschwung beigetragen haben. Denn durch unermüdliches Streben ist der Fortschritt zum Teil bewirkt worden. Folgende Lehrer haben früher hier unterrichtet: Past. F. Weggold, Past. F. Henninger, Past. Dr. G. A. Zimmermann, Past. J. Lueder, Past. F. Kauffmann, Theo. Goebel, Past. G. von Luternau, Past. C. Dobschall, G. Ebmeyer, Past. C. Otto, Miter, W. A. Sauerbier, Hogan, Burns, Reher, J. C. Albert, J. Merkel, Geo. F. Rojche, J. C. Rahn, C. W. Kern, G. Ramge, F. A. Kern, F. Berchtold, Past. G. Bohnstengel, C. Runke und Dr. Wilkinson. Die Direktorstelle bekleideten folgende Pastoren: C. Kranz, F. Ph. Meusch und P. Goebel.

Die ökonomische Verwaltung wurde von Past. F. W. Kampmeier, Past. A. Sebering, Herrn C. G. Kircher, Herrn

Theo. v. Waltershausen und Herrn Bernhard befohrt. Der jetzige Verwalter ist Herr J. Gernand.

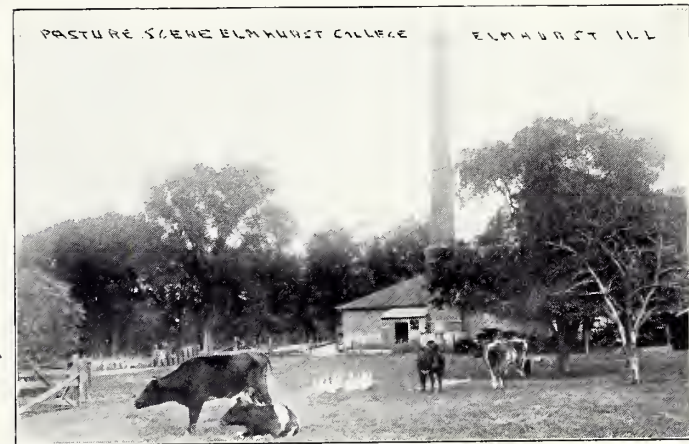
Heute ist das Profeminar eine blühende Anstalt, die jährlich eine große Zahl gottesfürchtiger, christlicher Jünglinge dem Predigerseminar zu St. Louis, Mo., überweist.

Die Anstalt wird gegenwärtig von Dr. D. Trion geleitet. Er ist ein auf allen Gebieten der Wissenschaft erfahrener, hoch-



gebildeter Mann. Er erteilt Unterricht im Griechischen und in der Religion und bekleidet sein Amt mit großer Würde und außerordentlichem Erfolg. Prof. Bauer und Prof. Artt sind Männer von sehr umfangreicher Bildung. Sie sind beide in den alten Sprachen und in der Geschichte tätig. Ersterer unterrichtet auch noch in der Phhysiograph und versteht es, durch seine ausgezeichnete Lehrmethode ein besonders lebendiges Interesse bei seinen Schülern zu erwecken. Prof. Stanger

hat als Musiklehrer schon Tüchtiges geleistet. Seine Arbeit ist mit großem Erfolg gekrönt. Durch Prof. Brodt's trefflichen Beistand wird es uns ermöglicht, in den verschlungenen Pfaden der deutschen Sprache und Literatur uns zurechtzufinden. Prof. Crusius, ein Mann von vielseitiger Bildung, öffnet uns die reichen Schatzkammern der englischen Sprache, während der wohlbewanderte Prof. Breitenbach die Zöglinge mit der latei-



nischen und der deutschen Sprache gründlich vertraut macht. Prof. Sorrick offenbart uns mit kundiger Hand die Geheimnisse der Mathematik.

Wenn der Befucher jetzt den Anstaltsplatz betritt, erblickt er zu seiner Rechten die feuerfichere Trion Hall, welche den nördlichen Flügel des Rechtecks bildet. Sie ist ein schönes, modernes Gebäude und enthält die Wohnung des Direktors, Wohnungen für hundert Studenten, eine große Kapelle, deren Fen-

ster mit biblischen Bildern geschmückt sind. Auch befindet sich hier die schöne, neue Pfeifenorgel, die letztes Jahr angeschafft wurde, eine Stiftung der Sonntagschulen unserer Synode. Aber auch eine große Bibliothek mit etwa dreitausend Büchern, und eine mit den neuesten Turnapparaten ausgestattete Turnhalle finden wir in Irion Hall.



Der Garten.

Das eben genannte Gebäude ist flankiert von dem Musikhaus und dem Wirtschaftsgebäude. Im Musikhaus befinden sich zahlreiche Musiksäle sowie die Y. M. C. A.-Zimmer nebst etlichen Studentenwohnungen. Es ist schon altersschwach und verbiente wohl durch ein neues Gebäude ersetzt zu werden. Das Wirtschaftsgebäude, welches südlich vom Musikgebäude ist, enthält die Verwalterswohnung, einen schönen, lustigen Speisesaal nebst Küche, ferner die Krankenzimmer, wo die Studenten, die sich unwohl fühlen, gut gepflegt werden.

Der südliche Flügel des Rechtecks wird durch das Hauptgebäude gebildet. Hier befinden sich Lehrsäle, die Wohnung des Hausmannes (Janitor), die alte Kapelle, Wohnungen für die Studenten, das Y. M. C. A.-Lesezimmer und das Lehrzimmer.

Vor den Gebäuden ist ein schöner Rasenplatz angelegt. Der grüne Grassteppich, mit zahlreichen Tannen und Blumenbeeten geschmückt, macht einen sehr freundlichen Eindruck.

Schon siebenhundertunddrei Studenten haben das Profseminar absolviert. Unter diesen waren sechshundertundeinunddreißig Predigerzöglinge, die in den Dienst am Wort eingetreten sind. Einhundertunddreißig Lehrer- und neunzehn College-Schüler haben graduiert.

Wenn wir jetzt den geringen Anfang mit dem gegenwärtigen Stand unserer Anstalt vergleichen, so sehen wir deutlich, daß der Herr sein Werk gefördert hat. Der Segen Gottes hat sichtbar über der Anstalt gewaltet.

Heute ist das Profseminar die Freude und der Stolz unserer Synode. Auch wir, die Glieder der abgehenden Klasse, werden immer in aller Treue und Hingabe unserer lieben Alma Mater gedenken. Zum Abschiedsgruß jubeln wir ihr fröhlich zu:

Ja, du hast im Schwung der Zeiten
Dich entwickelt groß und schön
Durch des lieben Gottes Leiten,
Der regiert auf Zions Höhen.
Neußerlich bist du verändert,
Doch dein Geist ist wie zuvor;
Täglich sendest du Gebete
Zu des Vaters Thron empor.



THE FACULTY

1. Prof. Bauer.
2. Prof. Brodt.

3. Prof. Stanger.
4. Prof. Sorrick.

5. Dir. Irion.
6. Prof. Breitenbach.

7. Prof. Crusius.
8. Prof. Arlt.

MEUSCH MEMORIAL LIBRARY



"There are 850,000 volumes in the Imperial Library at Paris. If a man were to read very industriously from dawn to dark for sixty years, he would die in the first alcove." The College Library, or as it is more fittingly called the Meusch Memorial Library, cannot boast of its 850,000 volumes, but we can point with pride to our 3,056, which the corps of librarians under the able direction of Prof. Crusius and Student Schlinkmann have arrayed in soldier-like fashion on the stacks according to the Dewey decimal

system of classification. The library force, as it answers to roll-call now, is as follows:

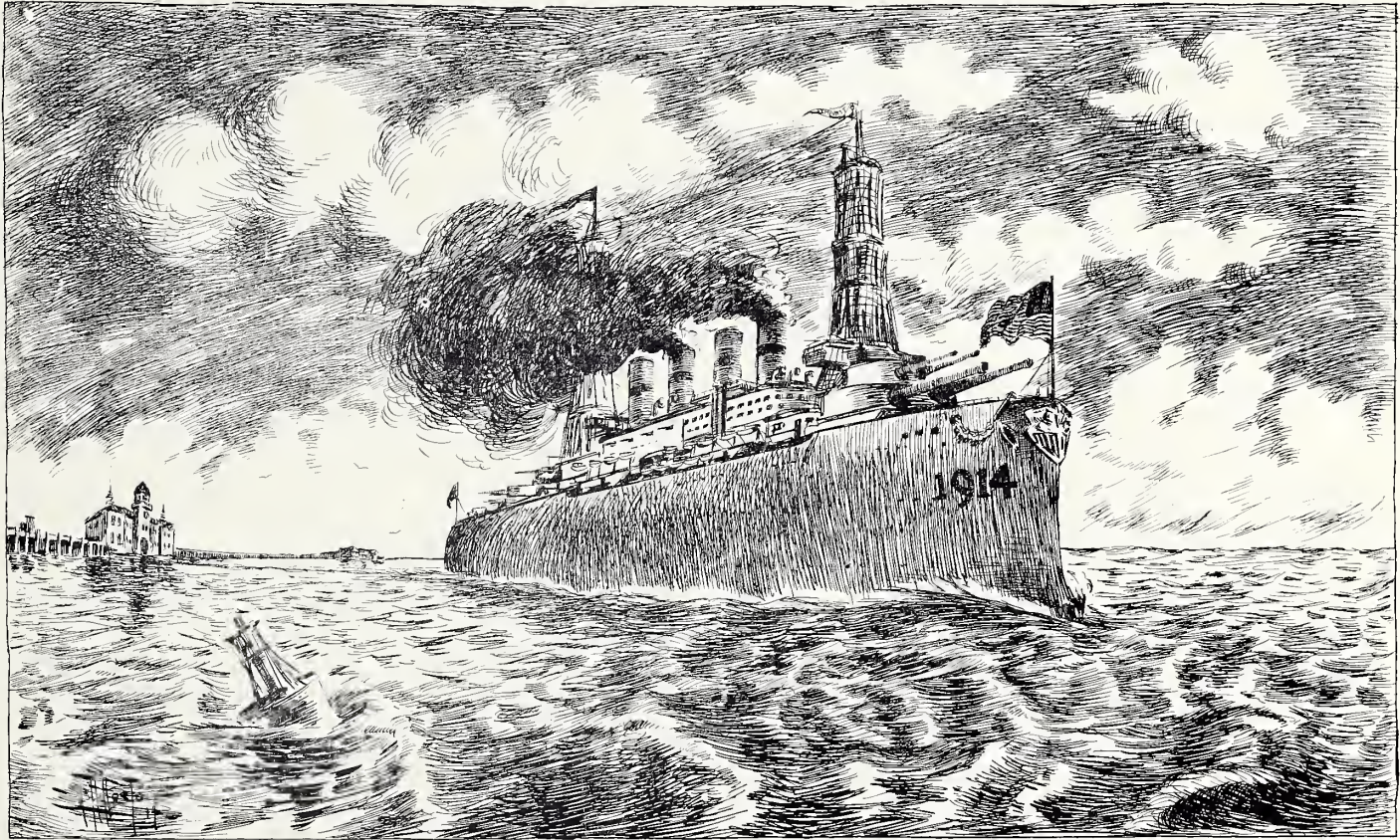
Librarian, PROF. CRUSIUS.

First Assistant, J. SCHLINKMANN.

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"In books is the soul of the whole past time."



CLASS OF 1914

Class Officers

President—WALDO BARTELS

Vice-President—ANDREW BAHNSEN

Secretary—PAUL SCHMIDT

Treasurer—THEODORE HOLTORF

Historian—HERMAN GEBHARDT

Class Poet—ALFRED MEYER

THE YOUTH OF MR. CLASS OF 1914

SOON the steady and ever onward march of time will have brought Mr. Class of 1914 to the end of his sojourn at Elmhurst College. It will bear him on its mighty course and leave behind all that has been dear to him, except what his memories and this book will preserve for him. Once, as the doleful thoughts of parting with his dear old home were troubling him, he requested me to write the story of his life at Elmhurst College. At first, realizing my inability, I was reluctant to accept this honor, but finally consented after he had shown me how impossible it was for him to write it himself.

On September 1, 1909, a great event took place at Elmhurst College. A son was born, who shortly afterwards was christened "Class of 1914." He was indeed a very promising infant. Providence had prudently entrusted him to the care of such men as Director Irion and Professors Breitenbach, Brodt, Lueder, and Stanger. These guardians gladly took charge of this new-born son and soon learned to know his different idiosyncrasies and moods fully realizing his life was undergoing a constant change and that a gradual and progressive development was essential to his welfare. They soon discovered that he had an almost insatiable mental appetite and that his powers of absorption and assimilation were astounding. His restlessness at times became so perplexing that often these men consulted with each other as to the best plans for directing

the infant's activity. It was their aim not only to develop early his mental ability, but also to mould his character and make it pure, noble, and upright. They therefore tried to be Christ-like teachers, giving him a suitable atmosphere and drawing his attention to that only which was good and uplifting. The babe grew rapidly in its precocity. Fearing that too much at a time would only be detrimental to his welfare, the guardians decided to give him a vacation. He was sent to distant friends to enjoy himself amid the scenes of nature.

Vacation days being over, Master Class of 1914, who had outgrown his infancy, returned with a proud and noble air of conscious worth, as if he had a conception of the immense latent ability which lay within him awaiting the opportunities to develop. His interests had broadened and his mental powers increased. It was therefore possible for the guardians to take him farther into the field of knowledge. They called Professors Sorriek and Wilkinson to their assistance. To exercise his memory and strengthen his reasoning ability, they lavishly supplied him with such food as German, Latin, and Greek vocables, conjugations, and declensions; noteworthy events in history, past and present; algebraic rules and problems; and facts concerning biology. During this time the child entered the "storm and stress" period of his life. With a sad and heavy heart he said farewell to two of his worthy guardians, Professors

Lueder and Wilkinson. Two new guardians, Professors Art and Crusius, were called to fill the vacancies. Meanwhile, time and growth advanced hand in hand. Again the guardians planned to give their son a vacation, and Master Class of 1914 was sent to distant friends.

Upon his return, the guardians were pleased to meet the boy, now a youth, and gladly noted the results of the vacation. These were manifold. The youth had attained better physical strength, new intellectual vigor, greater power of absorption and assimilation, and a wider diffusion of interest. The guardians, taking advantage of these changes, made the work more difficult by going deeper into the branches. The youth was, forthwith, introduced to Cæsar, who invited him to make his acquaintance. Only the eagerness to learn and augment his store of knowledge caused him to do so. But knowledge was not all he was seeking after. His desire for prominence and independence among his brothers induced him to take active part in the physical, social, and religious activities of the school, and establish himself as a special factor in the student body. To be distinguished from others, he selected the colors of brown and gold to crown his triumphal march along the paths of knowledge. Work and recreation caused the time to pass fleetly by and presently the vacation days were beckoning him to regain spent energy.

The days of play and recreation took their course and again we find Master Class of 1914 in the old home. But how different! He could hardly be recognized as the youth who a short time before had put aside his books to answer the call to Nature. Approaching manhood was gradually

transforming him. New mental and physical powers, new ideals and conceptions of life, and more independence had developed. His views had broadened, his interest had become less selfish and his character, steadfast and altruistic. The work was proportionately increased so as to call forth the efforts to develop this new transformation. Geometry was presented him to strengthen his mental efficiency; the history of both the English and German literatures, to create a love for literature and to give him an insight into the formation and development of the languages; Sallust and Livy, to awaken his love for the old Roman classics and to ward off the possible squandering of a few spare moments; and Xenophon and Plato to bring him in touch with the ancient Greeks. He was given the opportunity to develop his ability in public speaking. But these studies still allowed him a little spare time to remain active in the different phases of student life. At last the time came when the guardians decided that his remaining older brother must shift for himself. Master Class of 1914, in viewing the dominating and all-important air of this older brother was of the same opinion. Before his departure, though, he was given a banquet by Master Class of 1914 to obliterate any possible hard feelings that perchance might have entered his heart. These last moments spent in each others' company were meant not to be easily forgotten. Soon after, the old brother bade adieu and Master Class of 1914 was advised to seek again the haunts of nature.

Having done this, Mr. Class of 1914 returned to the old memorial halls to spend his last period of preparation under the paternal roof. He was now a man. With his

faculties almost fully developed and his love more embracing, a larger vision of life had crept over his soul and possessed it with unbounded enthusiasm and courage. Following the advice of his guardians he plunged farther into the recesses of English, German, Latin and Greek. Among his many new acquaintances were Cicero, Virgil and Homer. He enjoyed translating the Novum Testamentum. Physics was very interesting to him and he realized more than ever before that this is indeed a wonderful world. Besides this he was eager to become a leader. All the activities of the school grew and flourished under his leadership. Courageously he met failures and success, defeats and victories. On the base-ball diamond, foot-ball field,

track, basket-ball floor, tennis court and in the gymnasium he won laurels. He distinguished himself in dramatics and music and was a powerful factor in social, religious, and missionary work.

But now his turn to go out into the world to further prepare himself for life's work is close at hand. When thinking of parting, it may be forever, with the surroundings and comforts of his youth which have entwined his heart as so many fetters, his soul is full of sadness and sorrow. Only the vision of future opportunities beckoning him to soothe his wounded heart causes him to become cheerful, knowing that somewhere he is needed to further the work of the one great Guardian, the Lord Jesus Christ.

HERMAN GEBHARDT, (*Historian*).



CLASS OF 1914



Andrew Bahnsen

A nick-name is the heaviest stone the devil can throw at a man.—Anon.

Hail to the Vice-president of our class! "Puss" is a well-known nick-name of unknown origin. It is only of late that it has become a fitting cognomen for our soccer manager, for only lately has he found a companion in a fellow-student, who caresses "Puss" and is caressed by "Puss." On account of his fairness and quickness he was appointed basketball referee, a job which he asserts was a thankless one, but even more thankless was the one of umpire in base-ball, for there he almost lost a "prop" under the cannon-like fire of Elmhurst.

May "Puss" encounter easier propositions in life than have been his lot at college.

Better to go to bed early and be wide awake all day, than to stay up late and nod all day.

H. Enry.

Waldo, president of our class, manager of base-ball and captain of basket-ball, was a favorite among the students. He was in the pressing firm (we mean pressing clothes), as a member of which he toasted brown the trousers and parched the coats. May he always be a favorite among his associates. Probably his being a favorite accounted for his boldness in doing what he pleased.

Waldo Bartels



Erich Bizer

Some people never grin, they always smile.—Bovee.

Probably the best production of our breakfast-table "Force" were the "Sunny-Jim" smiles of this "Hawk-eye" lad. Wherever he went, in class-room or campus, his smile always accompanied him. "Sunny Jim" showed his agility on the soccer field, where he received much applause. May his smile never wear off, nor be darkened by the frown of his "dearest one."

Nobody loves a fat man.

Anon.

Franke, universally known as "Tubby," in spite of his avoirdupois, rivaled Mantell on the stage. To say nothing about his confused manner when a discussion of feminine characters was at hand, would be slighting "Tubby," for he invariably reddened from ear to ear and left the room.

As a Hercules he flopped many a vicious opponent on the soccer field, thus avoiding many defeats for Elmhurst. This, however, was only the dawn of his athletic career, for he showed his greatest (?) ability as manager of the basket-ball team. If our Arno displays so much leniency in his domestic affairs—poor Arno!



Arno Franke



Fred Fuehring

Kurz und buendig.—C. Kehr.

Fuehring was dubbed with the cognomen "Shorty," because he was knee-high to a grass-hopper. His size, however, did not detract from his ability on the athletic field or in the class-room, for there he shone in soccer and basket-ball, Latin and Greek. Because of his love for and attachment to the German language, with its soothing, musical words, to him has been dedicated this appropriate German quotation. He was often seen haranguing some timid freshman, with the south pole of his mouth trying to meet his left ear, seeking thus to convey the idea that he was a "hard guy." Hoffentlich wird diese Eigenschaft des Burschen nach und nach schwinden!



Theodore Hauck

"It is in learning music that many a youthful heart learns to love.—Ricard.

Many a shoe our violinist dodged while wrenching those deafening strains from his G, D, A, E strings. Even his hair was musical, being crimpier than Paderewski's. He was ever happy and ambitious; never satisfied with his "Zensuren," even tho he withdrew from the battlefield of Greek and Latin with a 10 +. His ambition and musical talent will certainly aid him in reaching the topmost round of the ladder.



Herman Gebhardt

He is a Christian who is manfully struggling to live a Christian life.—H. W. Beecher.

"Gebby," known for his sense of duty, not only as an individual, but also as president of our Mission Society and as senior of our class, rivaled Sherlock Holmes in detecting every stray piece of chalk on the class-room floor, and in discovering an un-erased period on the black-board.

Much graphite he wasted thru friction, caused by recording the "strichs" of the "basement" frequenters. May we native Americans profit by the example of our Canadian brother.



Herman Heuser

The croak of a little frog is most irritating.—Anon.

Heuser, alias "Shrimp," the man from "Smoky City," showed his ability as stage manager and declaimer. An ear trumpet was never needed to hear "Shrimpy," but a microscope was always needed to see him. Had it not been for the shrill whistle and dictatorial tone on the soccer field, the players would never have known that there actually was a referee. We trust that later in life "Shrimp" will closer adhere to the precept: "Little people should be seen more than heard."



Theodore Holtorf

If there is anything better than to be loved, it is loving.
Anon.

"Hully," captain and ex-manager of track and treasurer of the class, won his fame thru physical skill and was thus chosen as pilot for our ship, the Athletic Association. "Hully's" hole-proof socks held whole dozens of holes after being worn for a whole day. The complaint about these socks caused him much worry. Don't let these holes worry you, "Hully," worry about something worth while.



Herbert Hosto

Among them, but not one of them.—Byron.

The twentieth century Greek translators could not compete with "Kead's" ability in translating Homer, for his translations were invariably original. This Illinois lad was just the contrary of the Missouri representatives, who were disposed to tell "fish stories." Kead was ever an adherent of the healthy maxim, "Si tacuisses philosophus mansisses." But "Kead" is sure to succeed in later life, for still waters run deep.



Armin Hosto

A blush is beautiful, but often inconvenient.—Goldoni.

"Bimbles" never awoke without blushing, never washed without blushing, never crossed the campus without blushing, never masticated his food without blushing, never recited without blushing, never smiled without blushing, but never did he blush during his slumbers. Seldom was he heard, but when his tongue was loosed, lo, forth poured a stream of psychological and philosophical words and phrases. His words of wisdom will long be remembered.



Paul Kehle

Youth holds no society with grief.—Euripides.

Paul I., the infant of our class, who thru his coquettish actions always assumed the feminine role in dramatic productions, often perplexed the professors thru his interrogations and philosophical fancies. His girlish giggle was ever resounding thru the hall, often disappointing his light-headed class-mates, who expected to find a fairer owner of this voice. May Paul's future calling place him where it will not be necessary for him to keep his trousers at "high-water."

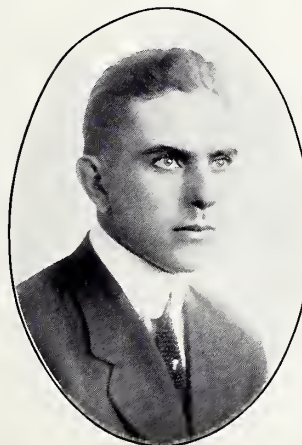


Robert Keller

Even dress is apt to inflame a man's opinion of himself.

Home.

"Cobb," our tonsorial artist, so disfigured the locks of his patron's that the poor fellows were almost ashamed to go home for vacation. After having thus distorted them he eased their pains by means of his melodious voice. His lucky star favored him with a passion for athletics, as a consequence of which he shone in both soccer and baseball. He had a sharp eye for every speck of dirt on his personage, often gazing for hours to detect a flaw. May Cobb's voice and preciseness some day win him a wife who will appreciate his admirable talents.



August Kitterer

What a beard hast thou got! Thou hast more hair on thy lip than Dobbin, my fill-horse has on his tail.—Shakespeare.

"Kitty," a very intelligent fellow, was one who never feared to voice his opinion. He was a strong man of the class, developing his muscle by steering the hot iron up and down trousers-legs until they shone. He conceived the idea that he could not drink beverages without having them strained, hence he cultivated a cute little black mustache, for which reason he was often mistaken for a professor, providing he kept his fountain of wisdom closed. Probably he may some day be a professor of Physics.



Herman Koepke

An awkward man can never do justice to his intelligence, to his intentions, or to his actual merit.—Churchill.

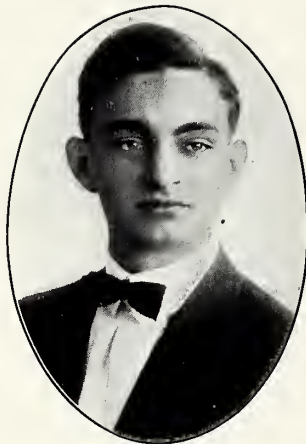
Herman, our tall, ungainly brother and an ardent lover (?) of Greek, was ever a favorite of "Home, Sweet Home," or some attraction near there. His seventh and first day of every week were spent away from College, according to his statement around his father's hearth. His soothing melodies on the pipe-organ held every one spell-bound and when he played the piano, he moved his audience to tears or laughter at will. Success to him who leaves us.



William Kuhagen

I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes.—J. Caesar.

Kuhagen, a cool and level-headed Bensenville lad, who was never honored with a nickname, was one of our pedagogues. In passing Kuhagen's shoeshop and noticing the steady and regular fall of the hammer, one could not be convinced that a master was at work; when passing the organ while Kuhagen was playing, however, one would imagine that he had attacked this instrument with his hammer, with the same ferocity, which he had before displayed on the shoes. We hope that his future scholars will be as apt as he has proved himself.



Paul Lehmann

A talkative fellow may be compared to an unbraced drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits.—Fetham.

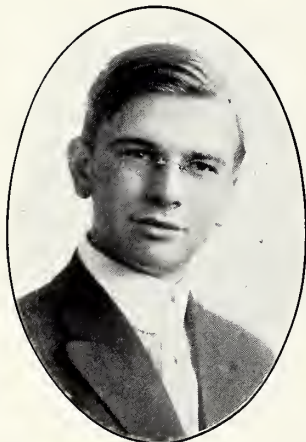
Paul II. Paul! Paul! Such an eloquent flow of erudite discourse! Thou art ever happy and contented, ambitious and gentlemanlike. Thou art surely a Webster number two, a dictionary, for as a dictionary is no connected story, so are thy words as a linkless chain. In thy flights of wonderful imagination thou hast often pictured thyself taking the place of the honorable Wm. J., but when aroused from thy day-dreams, thou foundest thyself on the platform before the class, which was bursting with criticism over thy Ciceronian speeches. Never mind, Paul, keep it up; you will some day attain the rank of Cicero or even Wm. J.



Fred McQueen

Great talkers are like leaky vessels; everything runs out of them.—C. Simmons.

Did you ever hear such a chatterbox as "Mack," alias "Stubby"? At times however, he was so sincere and sedate that he could easily have been mistaken for a country deacon or a rural parson. Latin classics, congratulating themselves on a little rest, trembled whenever they noticed Mack's proximity. As an ardent Sunday-school worker, it is to him we owe our interest in Sunday-school work, for he started our Teacher's Training class, the Philciblicum. He was renowned as a critic, not of teachings, but of teachers. We expect some day to see Mack as a founder of a home for deceased Latin poets.



Reinhardt Lehmann

Let us have peace!

U. S. Grant.

"Harty," even though he entered our ranks late, has won the favor of all students, great and small, tall and short, thin and stout. His lack of ability on the athletic field was more than counterbalanced by his achievements in the class room. Strutting about, pencil behind his ear, pad in hand, he was always ready to deliver those unwelcome bills. Bright and early every morning, also immediately after dinner, he cheerfully finds his way to some unknown part of town, where he he works; but from his affectionate ways we are led to tease our Harty.



Alfred Meyer

Comb down his hair; look, look! it stands upright again.

Shakespeare.

"Al" attained thru his dramatic ability the presidency of the Literary Society. We do not undervalue his voice as a member of the College Quartette, for his bass notes, when rumbling up from his esophagus, caused us to applaud with admiration. He is greatly indebted to the institution for placing a hall mirror near the main entrance; for who used it more than he did? His auburn hemp, which he was everlastingly caressing, together with his deep voice, is sure to make him a favorite wherever he goes.



Walter Meisenheimer

He's gone, and who knows how he may report thy words by adding fuel to the flame.—Milton.

"Meisie," the scandal reporter of the college, visited room after room seeking to satisfy the cravings of his odoriferous pipe. He invariably ranked highest among the college gossipers, always ready with that (worn-out) phrase, "Oh, that reminds me of a fellow down home." He had a parallel coincidence for every story related, sometimes allowing his imagination to reach such heights that he blushed at his own narration. Undoubtedly this characteristic of Meisie's was the reason for his being foremost in the History of German Literature, for he often withdrew from the battle field with honor.

Can worse disgrace on manhood fall, than to be born a whitehead and be baptized a Paul.—S. Johnson.

Paul III., better known as "Schmidty," was our Y. M. C. A. president, student council chairman, class secretary, and football captain. All these positions vouch for Paul's popularity among his fellow students, even tho he was always having one of them as the butt of his jokes. He had the honor of being the whitest of white-heads, though he was decidedly not a tow-head. The advice given to Holtorf applies more particularly to Schmidty, for it was very likely that worry about "something" had caused his hair to turn white.

Paul Schmidt



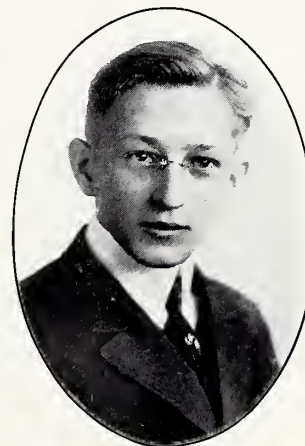
Paul Schoppe

*Welcome, my old friend.
Longfellow.*

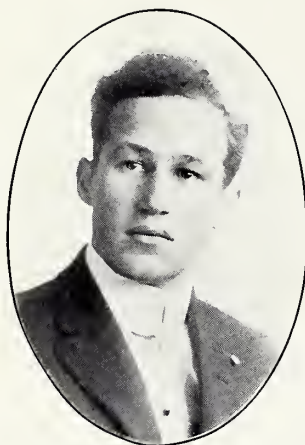
Paul IV. Another Paul! It was Paul's whole ambition to make everyone as cheerful as himself, for he never neglected to "pump the handle" no matter how often he met you. He had the Baseballitis to such a degree that he even went so far as to root for the Browns and Cardinals, whose whole ambition, it seems, was to keep the cellar warm. His motto was: "Never worry!" It was this characteristic that made him a true patient to the above named tailenders. His smiles and extended hand will never fail to win the hearts of his bitterest enemies.

*If I ever am a teacher, it will be to learn more than to teach.
Mme. De Luzy.*

"Schlinky," who took much pleasure in his undeserved cognomen, "psychological John," was the "gang-boss" of the Meusch Memorial Library. On the other hand he took much displeasure in his deserved cognomen "Lizzy" with which he was dubbed as a result of his using a cute little vanity box and powder. His exasperation on account of "Lizzy" was so intense that he stopped using "Violet" talcum powder just to spite the naughty boys. Poor John! now his nose shines. He excelled in instrumental and vocal music, being leader of the Orpheus Glee Club and was renowned as a full-fledged pedagogue.



John Schlinkmann



Fred Schweinfurth

Those curly locks, so aptly twined, whose every hair a soul doth bind.—Carver.

Our "Freddie," a true Kentuckian, was an able manager of our track team, and a winner in tennis. Altho Freddie, as an athlete was much exposed to Boreas, his epidermis nevertheless showed a remarkable degree of delicacy, for he was extremely "touchy." He liked to tease, but was averse to being teased. He was a skillful hairdresser, but dressed only his own hair, in the nicety of which he took great pride.



Martin Seybold

A college joke to cure the blues.—Swift.

"Socks," as an epithet is the family heirloom given to all the descendants of the Seybold family who studied at Elmhurst. His piping, cricket-like chirp could not be imitated, no matter what vocal ability the imitator had. He was never contented unless he could spring his childish, innocent little jokes on some unsuspecting victim. Just as a hen cackles proudly after having laid an egg, so would Socks cackle after having successfully perpetrated a joke. His feminine voice allotted him a place as a female character on the stage, where he was the hit of the season. We wonder whether Socks has joined the ranks of the suffragettes or antis.



Paul Weltge

I don't like to talk to people who always agree with me.

Carlyle.

Paul V., a most diligent student, excelled in German essay writing. He often endeavored to apply his authority as senior of the Music House, but seldom succeeded, for he was no Samson, but rather a Zacchaeus. Probably it was for this reason that he always agreed with the opinions of those with whom he talked. When reciting, it would be more convenient for Paul to have a gyroscope, instead of his hand, to steady his swiftly revolving brain. Will someone attempt to invent a brain gyroscope for Paul?



Edwin Wullschleger

Silence is one great art of conversation.—Anna More.

According to this quotation, our Eddie is surely a renowned conversationalist, for he always thinks twice before he speaks once. He was always on the spot with a helping hand when any work was to be done, and always did his duty with a smile. It was a rare treat to hear Eddie's muffled laughter, for it was contagious. He was never averse to losing a sleepy game of checkers or a tedious game of chess. His readiness to please everybody will guard him against failure.



Robert Zeiler

Happy am I; from care I am free! Why aren't they all contented like me?—Carew.

Jonas, our efficient electrician, loved skillful manual labor better than moderate mental labor. His love was often elsewhere, too; in fact, it became so strong that he decided to leave us before his last year was finished. No matter what difficulty arose, Jonas always wore that same "I-should-worry" smile.



1914 CLASS POEM

BY ALFRED T. MEYER.

The robin gay proclaims the birth of Spring
And with a voice surpassing Amphion's lyre
The aerial herald comes to greet his king,
And nature with new efforts to inspire.
The golden sunbeams and the balmy air,
Have raised earth's fleecy veil of purest white,
And she, the queen of all that's grand and fair,
Unequaled beauty shows and brings to light.

Now Spring, adorned in all his pristine charms,
And welcomed by the songster's clarion call,
Embraces Flora in his stalwart arms,
In verdure clothes the fields and forests tall.
Where'er the eye is turned in ecstasy
The earth seems resurrected from the dead.
Ah surely! 'tis no dream, not fantasy!
For flow'rs reveal themselves where'er we tread.

The dewbespangled morning-glory greets us
When golden Aurora's magic spell is spent;
The violet, too, in purple robe now greets us,
Jove's nectar in the tulip's cup is pent,
The silvery valley lily rings its bell
In greeting to the newborn cerulean sky,
And frolicsome Zephyrs dance from hill to dell:
Unburdened is the heart of ev'ry sigh.

But why this scene depicting Spring most sacred,
Why let fond mem'ries linger of the past?
Ah! 'tis the lane to childhood we again tread:
The bygone days o'er us their spell now cast.
Once more we stroll in spirit thru the meadow,
The home of larks, of flow'rs and busy bees;
Where whitefleeced lambs are ambling near the hedgerow
There sit we, garlands wreathing under trees.

Oh lovely Spring! Thou king of all the seasons!
We fain would keep Thee with us all the year,
But God, for some divine and secret reasons
Purposed that youth in due time disappear.
Now June has brought the parting of the ways,
And summer to lovely Spring has fallen heir;
Gone are the gay and ne'er forgotten days
When hearts were free of every thought of care.

Yes, now the gentle days of Spring are o'er,
Life's summer with a vict'ry has begun,—
Our banner of brown and gold we ne'er did lower,—
Our just reward, commencement day, is come.
To realize Spring's hopes and high ambition
We now must strive with all our might and main,—
Not caring for the world's scorn and derision,
Like ivy, upward climb, new heights to gain.

Like unscaled cliffs the future looms before us :
A veil of myst'ry all its hours enshrouds ;
The beacon light of faith, though, towers above us
And will to sunshine turn all darksome clouds.
And if perchance the heart be sad and dreary
Because life's battle proves too great a strain,
Then will our knightly spirit make us cheery,
For sunshine always cometh after rain.

To Alma Mater owe we our strong armor,
Our shield of faith was moulded by her hands ;
Whene'er we think of her our heart beats warmer,
Our thanks to her are many as the sands.
'Twas she that started us on our life's journey,
Endowed us with great gifts of richest gold,
Has made us strong like champions of the tourney,—
Our due respect thru all our life she'll hold.

And when at last life's summer has departed
And blushes cease to tinge the rose's cheek,
When trees, their summer foliage discarded,
Their beauty in the redlipp'd fruitage seek,
Then gather we the rich and hard-earned harvest
And reap what we in early youth have sown ;
No longer will we have to brave the tempest
And journey o'er rugged paths unknown.

Reluctant, with many a painful heartthrob,
Depart we from our Alma Mater's shore ;
When surging billows fond ambitions rob,
Then think we of the golden days of yore.
Oh ! may the lessons taught by her be ever
Our pilot on life's dark and troubled sea,
May time and distance ne'er our friendship sever,
Our aim and motto e'er "Excelsior" be !



THE THINGS THAT COUNT

BY THEO. W. HOLTORF.

1. There dwelt in a faraway land by the sea
A maiden both pretty and good,
Who fain would have listened to Cupid's decree
And married someone if she could.
2. But never a man came to call upon her,
No, never a blessed soul;
And very much downcast she began to confer
With "Doctors of Love" in the "Scroll."
3. And then she applied herself diligently
To chemistry, books and to law;
To science and natural philosophy—
But still there was somewhere a flaw.
4. Still never a man sought her out to woo,
And none tried to conquer her heart.
So she said to herself: "There is still much I can't do,
I must study both music and art."
5. In a very short time she could play Beethoven
From A flat down to Z sharp;
And for hours, and for days again and again
She worked the old family harp.
6. But no man would tarry within her abode
Far after the hour of ten,
And in spite of the kindness upon them bestowed,
They never would call there again.
7. "Oh, what in the world is the use," she said,
"To know everything under the sun?
Unmarried I've lived and so I'll be dead
When this life's work is done."
8. So donning a faded and ancient dress
She learned from her mother to cook;
And soon she forgot all her gloomy distress—
She closed up the past like a book.
9. Now it came that a prince, who traveled that way,
Was asked to come in and dine;
And, thanking the ladies most heartily,
He tarried and drank of their wine.
10. And when the dessert and the pie were brought in,
His heart overflowed with delight;
He resolved to stay on and begin once again,
For he knew what he did must be right.
11. "Please tell me dear ladies," he said in delight,
"Who baked this delicious pie?"
Then the maiden demure and with cheeks rosy bright,
Said modestly, "Lo, it was I!"
12. Whereon the prince rose from the table and took
The blushing little maid in his arms;
And said as he did so, "The girl, who can cook
Like that, does not need other charms!"
13. "Lo, I'll wed you tonight, little girl, if you will."
So wed her he did on that eve.
And their honeymoon trip was a continual thrill;
The happiest on the earth, I believe.
14. Now she who has tarried long, bravely affirms,
"Let those worship art who desire;
But my art I'll enjoy from my Browning and Burns,
As I cook hubby's meals on the fire."



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OFFICERS

President—Theodore Holtorf
Vice-President—Waldo Bartels

Financial Secretary—Fred Pfitzer
Recording Secretary—Andrew Bahnsen
Master of Property—Arno Franke

Treasurer—Paul Schmidt
Recorder—Carl Rueggeberg



Association Football (SOCCER)

TEAM MEMBERS

1. H. Heuser, referee.
2. F. Koepke, f. b.
3. W. Bartels, g.
4. A. Franke, f. b.
5. A. Bahnsen, manager.
6. H. Haas, h. b.
7. P. Schmidt, c. h.
8. R. Keller, h. b.
9. F. Horak, f. b.
10. E. Bizer, l.
11. A. Egli, l.
12. A. Bierbaum, l.
13. P. Graboski, l.
14. B. Klick, l.
15. J. Bizer, l.
16. F. Fuehring, h. b., not present.

FOOTBALL

BY ANDREW BAHNSEN.

Association Football, better known as Soccer, is a game which was introduced into this country from Europe. Because it is played with less roughness and more science than Rugby, it is becoming more and more popular among College sportsmen. Eleven players are needed to make up a team. Any part of the body may be used in propelling the ball, except the hands and arms. The goalkeeper is the only one who is allowed to use his hands. He guards the goal which is eight feet high and eight yards long, thru which the ball must pass before a goal is scored.

Soccer was first started at Elmhurst as early as 1880, but official games against outsiders have been recorded only since 1909. Every team since then, has been trying to make a better record than the team of the foregoing year. The team of 1909 won four games out of six, 1910 won one out of five; 1911 won two out of six; 1912 won eight out of ten (Intercollegiate Champions of the Middle West).

When the players answered the call of "play" on Sept. 13, only three of the last year's squad reported for practise. This made the prospects of the coming season look rather doubtful, for it was necessary to train eight new men for the first game; which was scheduled for Sept. 20.

The first and second teams were selected, and on the first Monday after vacation the regular practise started. Just the day before the first game which was scheduled with the Palmer Park team, who claimed the 135 lbs. championship, Bartels, the regular goalkeeper had his shoulder hurt, so A. Franke was substituted. The defeat we received that Saturday did not discourage the players in the least, but made them practise all the harder.

The season lasted until the 27 of November, during which time ten games were played. The goals were pretty

well divided along the forward line, B. Klick shooting 7, A. Bierbaum 5, E. Bizer 3, P. Grabowski 3, A. Egli 1, and P. Schmidt 1. Toward the latter part of the season the team was somewhat weakened, for Schmidt, who starred as center-halfback, had his foot hurt so that he was unable to play the rest of the season. Other players were disqualified because they were pronounced ineligible by the faculty. Often second team players had to show their mettle whenever first team men were disqualified.

The second team played two games against Crane High School, winning both games. In the first game against this High School, W. Berndt shot 2 goals, R. Lehman 1, P. Lehman 1, and F. Schweinfurth 1; in the second game F. Geisler was the only one who was able to get a goal thru the enemy's line. The season passed off with only two note-worthy accidents; at the beginning of the season, of course, there were many stiff joints and sore shins, but these were soon forgotten.

September 20.....	Palmer Park	6—	Elmhurst	3
September 27.....	Campbell Rovers	1—	Elmhurst	3
† October 18.....	Crane H. S.	0—	Elmhurst	5
‡ October 25.....	McCormick Sem'n'y	1—	Elmhurst	9
November 8.....	McCormick Sem'n'y	0—	Elmhurst	1
November 15.....	Palmer Park	3—	Elmhurst	1
November 22....	United Football Club	3—	Elmhurst	0
† November 27.....	Crane H. S.	0—	Elmhurst	1
November 27.....	Bricklayers	3—	Elmhurst	0
November 29.....	Lincoln Park	1—	Elmhurst	1

Total.... Opponents 18.—Elmhurst 26.

†Second team games.

‡Played at Lincoln Park.

BASKET BALL



MEMBERS

1. A. Franke, manager.
2. W. Bartels, guard.
3. A. Bahnsen, referee.
4. P. Canteen, center.
5. O. Egli, center.
6. A. Bierbaum, forward.
7. B. Klick, forward.
8. T. Holtorf, guard.
9. F. Fuehring, guard, captain.



RECORD

Jan. 10, 1914	Elmhurst	57	Lane Junior College
Jan. 21, 1914	Elmhurst	52	Elmhurst High School
Jan. 24, 1914	Elmhurst	12	Loyola University
Feb. 7, 1914	Elmhurst	76	Elgin Academy
Feb. 16, 1914	Elmhurst	47	Elmhurst High School
Feb. 21, 1914	Elmhurst	41	St. Stanislaus

23	Feb. 28, 1914	Elmhurst	39	Fuller Park	15
27	Mar. 7, 1914	Elmhurst	24	St. Stanislaus	53
41	Mar. 21, 1914	Elmhurst	5	Wheaton	21
15	Mar. 28, 1914	Elmhurst	37	Wheaton	24
18	Mar. 28, 1914	Elmhurst	41	Crane High School	6
30					
		Elmhurst	431	Opponents	273

BASKET-BALL 1914

BY ARNO FRANKE.

Of all the sports in the catalogue of physical activities of the Elmhurst collegians, basket-ball is of the latest origin. Only since the erection of Irion Hall and the new gymnasium in 1912, has this sport acquired a permanent place on the list of College athletics and intercollegiate contests.

Before this, only a comparatively small number of games had been played, as the limited accommodations of the old gymnasium could not afford home games with outside teams. All due opportunities offered by the new gymnasium were immediately grasped and consequently the first team to make its debut under the auspices of extended schedule in 1913, was very successful, gaining eight victories out of a total number of ten games.

The season of 1914 opened with a most fit and proper introductory remark, in the very agreeable form of a complete victory for the "Blue and White." If ever an omen predicted truthfully, the augury contained in this triumph adhered to all the laws of veracity, as a review of the consecutive events will prove.

The inaugural game of the season was played on the 10th of January, *Lane College* being the opposing element of

the contest. From the start the outcome of the game was obvious, but nevertheless the Junior aggregation put up a game fight, and contested the pending result to the very last. When the time-keepers sounded the final call however, the Elmhurst five were the acknowledged victors with a score of 57—23.

On January 24, the basket-ball fans of the college received a somewhat clouded perception of the future of their developing protégé. *Loyola University*, a team with an undefeated record, appeared upon the field, and administered a defeat unto our College team. We were, however, handicapped in every instance, in weight, and superior class, and after having taken a final reckoning of this game we found the score of 41—12 not so discouraging after all, in fact it was the stimulus that promoted most earnestly the excellent work of the following contests.

The *Elgin Academy* five was invited to our floor on February 14, and our hospitality to the Academy team took its course along the triumphal road. The fates were gracious unto us, and we were able to lay another palm, bearing the numerals 76—15, at the feet of the goddess of Victory.

On February 21, *St. Stanislaus University* was the next

foe to be subdued, that the fame of our team might gain the next rung in its ascent. The contest was in all respects a close one, bringing out the well-developed team-work of the Elmhurst quintette, gained in the past weeks of diligent practise. The victory included in the score of 41—30, was only the due reward of faithful persistency.

The Fuller Park Team was the next victim to acknowledge the fact that we had a basket-ball team of by no means deficient record. The eve of February 28, found us rejoicing over the score of 39—15. To the honor of the vanquished it may be said that they carried the true sportsman spirit through the entire game, but the spoils belonged to the victors.

On March 7, the College team and official retinue migrated into a foreign land to play *St. Stanislaus University* of Chicago a return game. Our expectations were severely shaken however, and we withdrew from the scene of the fray with a second defeat tagged on to our splendid career. The strange floor, and the crippled condition of our team, two of the regulars being out, will readily account for the resultant, 53—24.

On the afternoon of March 21, the second team of the E. C. contested the ability of the renowned *Elmhurst Town-*

team and set them down about fifty per cent in their estimation. The score, 33—18, did not leave the least doubt with anyone as to who should receive the laurels.

On the eve of the same date, the first team again made a pilgrimage, having received a short-order challenge from the *Wheaton Academy*. The game was hotly contested throughout, and Wheaton had not the proverbial "cinch" in asserting her superiority, which the said team finally did, however, after much indispensable labor. Elmhurst withdrew with the third and last defeat of the season. Score 21—11.

March 28 closed the season with two contests, resulting in a dual victory for Elmhurst. *Wheaton Academy* and *Crane High School* invaded our territory, only to withdraw therefrom with defeat in their wake. The game with Wheaton was a keen contrast to the one of the previous week as the score of 41—24 will indicate. The Wheaton Academy team were taken with surprise from the very first, and were not able to regain their equilibrium during the remainder of the game.

After a ten-minute intermission, the Elmhurst five tackled the Crane H. S. and another punishment to strangers was administered in a most effective way, the score 37—6 being witness thereof.

TRACK



MEMBERS

1. T. Holtorf, Captain.
2. P. Pobanz.
3. H. Hoepner.
4. R. Schwartz.
5. A. Franke.
6. H. Brethauer.

7. B. Tepas.
8. F. Schweinfurth, Manager.
9. H. Gebhardt.
10. C. Koehler.
11. F. Schaefer.
12. H. Kettelhut.

TRACK

BY F. C. SCHWEINFURTH, '14. (MGR.)

In the past years, track has not always fared as well as any of the other major sports. This was due to two reasons: first, because the track has always had a strong rival in baseball, the popular sport among the students; and secondly, the interest seemingly was lacking, which is by all means the main thing in order to have a winning team.

The season of 1912, in a measure overcoming these handicaps, has been recorded as the most successful since Elmhurst has had a track team. During this season four college records were established; 100 yard dash in 10 2-5 by J. George; 50 yard dash in 5 2-5 by J. George; high jump, 5 ft. 6 in. by C. Sherf; and the relay team (consisting of Hohman, Schweinfurth, Arends, George) ran the 670 yard relay in 1 min. 15 2-5 sec. The track team of 1913 was disabled by the absence of several 1912 stars and there-

fore the season could not be recorded as a success. Nevertheless one good was derived from the 1913 season: young material was seasoned for 1914. Up to this year, the track team consisted of fifteen to twenty members and therefore never could hold a meet away from Elmhurst.

This year, however, Elmhurst has the highest hopes of organizing an invincible team of twelve men. Four meets are to be held, three at home and one abroad. With such seasoned men as Holtorf (Capt.), Tepas, Pobanz, Schwarze, Franke, F. Schaefer, Koehler, Gebhard, A. Egli, O Egli, Brethauer, Berndt, and the writer, and with several good recruits, the prospects of a winning twelve-man team at Elmhurst College for 1914 are bright. With plenty of hard work, with the proper interest, and with the spirit of success forging to the front, the track season of 1914 ought to surpass that of 1912 by a great margin.





BASEBALL

LINE UP

R. Keller, Third B.	W. Klein, L. F.	J. Scholl, R. F.	E. Bizer, Catcher and R. F.	W. Bartels, First B.
F. Fuehring, Umpire.	P. Schmidt, P.	J. Pister, Sub.	B. Klick, S. S.	A. Bahnsen, Umpire.
	C. Schaefer, Catcher.	R. Hohman, Sub.	A. Bierbaum, Second B.	

BASEBALL

BY WALDO BARTELS.

"Knock it out of the lot!"

"Make it a homer!"

"Ah! a single will do!"

These are some of the expressions heard from the enthusiastic fans at a baseball game. But instead of knocking it out of the lot or even getting a single, we hear the calm tones of the umpire calling: "Strike three, batter out." Then instead of cheers for the expected home-run, silence reigns supreme, except for a few remarks of sympathy, passed to console the strike-out victim. After the game the different plays are discussed, criticized, lauded, and finally dropped. If the home team lost, some wise fan generally shows the players where and how they could have won; if they won, all "bone-headed plays" are forgotten and each player is a hero. Yes, undoubtedly baseball is a great game; it is America's greatest national sport. It is played on diamonds smooth as glass, it is played on city back-lots, and it is also played at Elmhurst College. It has been

played here for a great number of years and probably will be played for a great number of years to come.

In former years our team, led by good men, has always been a winner, ranking high among amateur teams. As our season of 1914 has just begun we can hardly say with certainty what will be the outcome; however, it is safe to maintain that the team of 1914, filled with ambition and having the desire to equal, if not to exceed, the former records made by our teams, will do all in its power to uphold the standard of the baseball field. We are very much handicapped by the loss of several good men, who have graduated and gone elsewhere, but we hope to find new material that will strengthen the places thus left vacant. Of course we do not expect to develop a "Ty Cobb" or a "Joe Jackson," nor do we expect to develop a team that will contend with the Philadelphia Athletics for the world's championship, but we do expect to have a team worthy to represent Elmhurst against any High School or college team in the vicinity of Chicago.

TENNIS

BY F. C. SCHWEINFURTH.



Tennis could in other words be expressed as the "only Sunday afternoon sport," and on this day it is very popular among the students. In all, there are four courts located on the campus, and these are continually in use on Sunday afternoons. Each court is supported by a separate association of approximately eight members. The names of the four courts and their respective presidents are as follows:

The ALPHA, F. Schweinfurth, '14.

The HALCYON, A. Franke, '14.

The OLYMPIC, H. Heuser, '14.

The BETA, P. Goebel, '16.

Of these courts the Alpha has always been known as the home of the best players. In the spring of 1913, a tournament of the four courts was held. The Alpha, (represented by H. Pfeiffer and F. Schweinfurth,) and the Halcyon, (represented by P. Winger and R. Mohr,) entered the finals, the former winning the championship laurels. The Olympic and Beta courts finished third and fourth respectively. The tournament of 1913 was such a success, that the sentiment of ardent tennis admirers is, to make the tennis tournament an annual affair.



OUR STARS



WALDO BARTELS



PAUL SCHMIDT



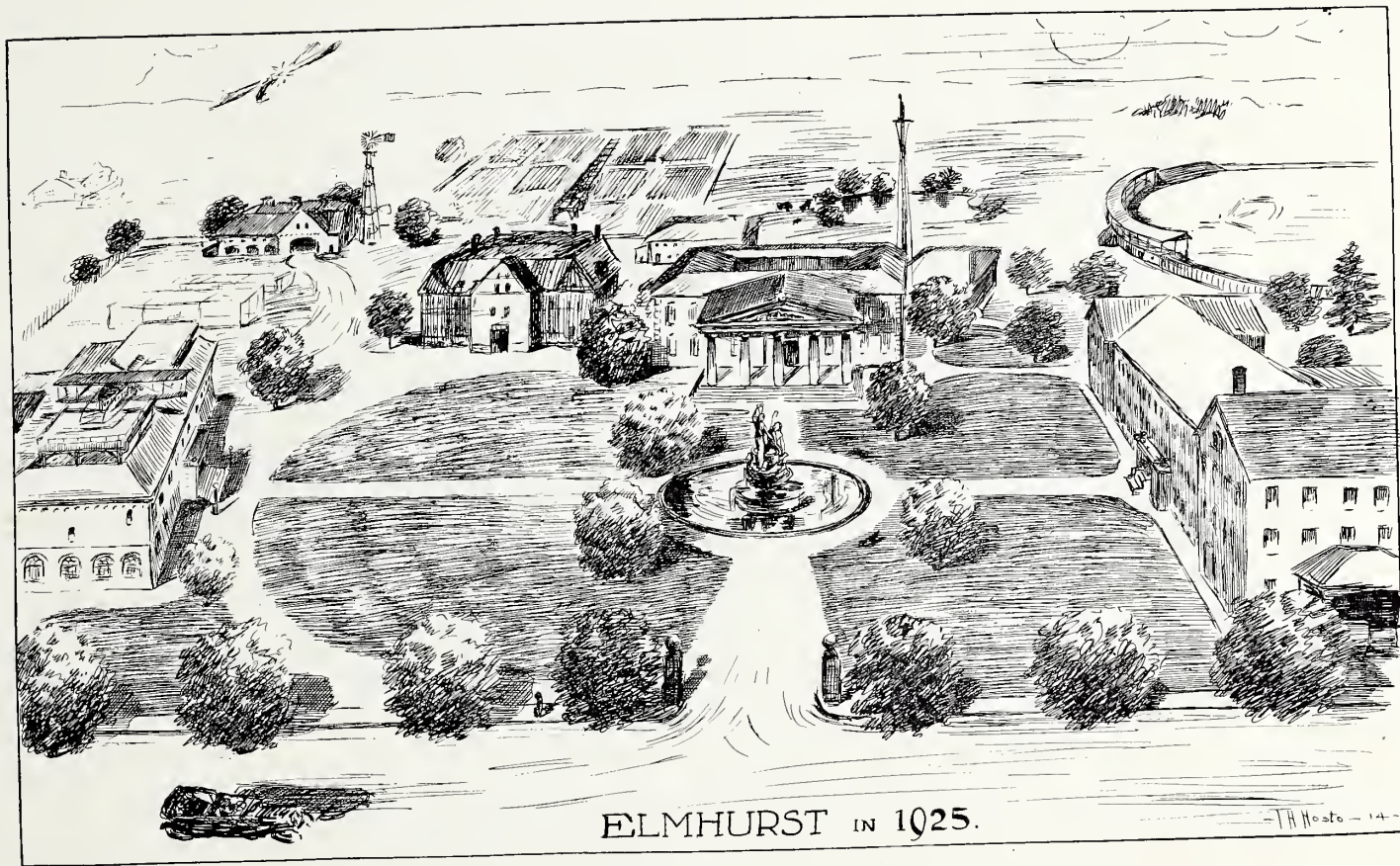
FRED SCHWEINFURTH



FRED FUEHRING



THEODORE HOLTORF





THE JUNIORS

TOP Row: W. Krouse, H. Haas, J. Scholl, F. Koepke, J. Bizer, W. Strate, W. Webbing, L. Brink, H. Brethauer, R. Hohman, F. Schroeder, S. Albrecht, H. Friz, J. Kreutzer, H. Hoepner, R. Schwarze, A. Fritz.

LOWER Row: R. Locher, A. Bohn, H. Auler, Treasurer; P. Pobanz, C. Rueggeberg, Secretary; B. Klick, B. Tepas, President; J. Bunge, F. Pfitzer, Vice-President; J. Krueger, G. Kleeb, Historian; H. Kettlehut.



THE SOPHOMORES

Top Row: E. Menzel, W. Witt, C. Kluge, E. Klutey, P. Kaefer, O. Koch, F. Apitz.

MIDDLE Row: F. Geisler, J. Melchert, P. Trabant, O. Muecke, J. Kloke, W. Koch, W. Kamphenkel, C. Kahler, E.

Wuhlschleger, P. Graboski, C. Schaefer, G. Low, O. Flohr, K. Koch, A. Persch, A. Egli, C. Doellefeld, C. Klein.

LOWER Row: W. Klein, O. Egli, Historian; T. Tiedeman, Treasurer; F. Schaefer, President; P. Goebel, Secretary; E. Sinning.



THE FRESHMEN

STANDING: E. Plassman, A. Vogelsang, E. Lehman, A. Stoerker, A. Koelling, T. Langhorst, E. Miller, R. Hosto, W. Moenkhaus, J. Kaney, A. Hardt, B. Conrad, W. Esser, E. Stom-

mel, P. Horst, W. Ott, L. Lammers, R. Schmidt, P. Koeppert, G. Hildebrandt, W. Paschen, P. Ritchie, E. Crusius, W. Fleitz.

SITTING: E. Lehman, J. Dauderman, E. Irion, P. Canteen, Senior; P. Kitterer, P. Prell, H. Hein.



PREPS.

STANDING: G. Behrens, A. Mast, W. Kraft, A. Runge, A. Engelbrecht, Th. Goebel, E. Schnake, E. Keller, M. Koelling, W. Schaefer, G. Brune, R. Heim, E. Hardt, A. Idecker.

SEATED: E. Theis, A. Berndt, J. Polster, Senior; W. Krummel, J. Pister.

THE AMPHION

BY T. ITAUCK.

For many years the Amphion, better termed the college orchestra, has played no small part in the college life. To-day it has practically established itself as a permanent organization. Numbering twenty-two members this school term, the orchestra meets weekly to practise under the direction of its able leader, Prof. C. G. Stanger. A comparatively large number of instruments are represented; there are six first violins; six second violins; one viola; two flutes; two cornets; one clarinet; one trombone; one cello; one bass violin, and a piano.

At every occasion when one of the college associations presents a play before the public, the orchestra is called upon to furnish the music. But especially at the musical concerts, given in the spring of each year, do the services of the orchestra prove invaluable. Its undertaking at the concert this year was more ambitious than usual; it accompanied the college chorus in Julius Becker's melodramatic cantata *Columbus*.

THE ARION

BY P. KEHLE.

The Arion, or better known as simply the "Band," was organized in 1892, and has ever since been a permanent institution. Its purpose is to entertain its hearers as well as to instruct its enthusiasts in the art of musical harmony. On the Festival Sundays the "Band" is called upon to accompany the church chorals in unison with the organ, thereby beautifying the musical part of the services. But the most important day for our "Band" is the "Seminar Fest," which is celebrated annually towards the close of the school year. On this occasion, our "Band" not only receives the visitors at the railway station with its welcoming tunes, but also beautifies the religious services with its sacred strains, and in the afternoon renders a very excellent concert for the guests attending.

At the present date the Arion has a membership of 30 musicians. It is conducted by Leonard Brink of the Junior class, who is trying his utmost to keep it up to its former standard, and is succeeding as far as is possible with the raw material which he has to deal with.





LITERARY

YOUNG MEN CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

OFFICERS

P. L. Schmidt.....President
J. SchlinkmannVice-President
F. PfitzerSecretary
R. LehmannTreasurer
H. AulerFinancial Secretary

F. PfitzerChairman of the Religious Meetings Committee
F. McQueenChairman of the Christian Service Committee
C. RueggebergChairman of the Bible Study Committee
T. W. HoltorfChairman of the Social Committee.
F. HorakChairman of the Membership Committee
R. KellerChairman of the Finance Committee
J. SchlinkmannChairman of the House Committee
H. GebhardtChairman of the Mission Committee

Director Irion, D. D.....Faculty Representative
Prof. P. CrusiusFaculty Representative

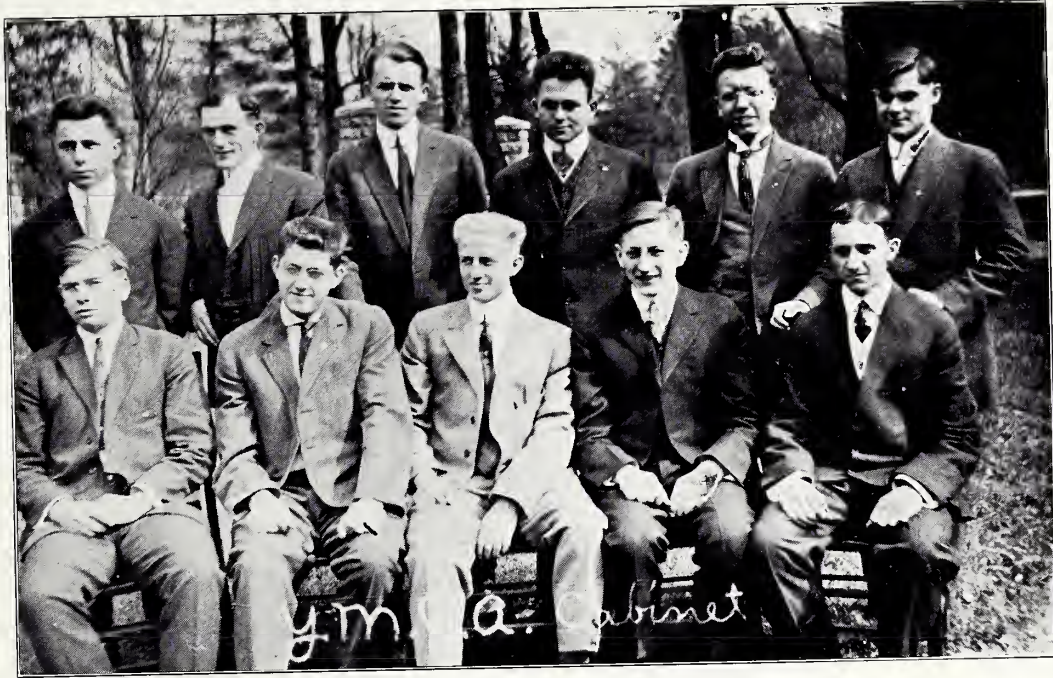
Rev. Aug. Fleer.....Alumni Representative
Rev. L. Goebel.....Alumni Representative

A. BahnsenStudent Representative

P. SchmidtEx-officio Member
R. LehmannEx-officio Member

} Advisory Board

Y. M. C. A.



Y. M. C. A. CABINET MEMBERS

R. Keller, T. Holtorf, A. Bahnsen, H. Gebhardt, C. Rueggeberg, F. McQueen, R. Lehmann, H. Auler, P. Schmidt,
J. Schlinkman, F. Pfitzer.

Y. M. C. A.

BY PAUL SCHMIDT.

When the Meusch Society turned over its library to the faculty, it became necessary to make some arrangements for the continuation of the former reading room. The organization of a Y. M. C. A. under the State Association provided the means to overcome the difficulties. It did not, however, confine its activities to the reading room, but has step by step advanced its activities, in every branch of the three main divisions of all Y. M. C. A.'s, namely, spiritual, physical and social.

Under our spiritual activities, we would mention the Mission Society. Altho an independent organization, it has been very closely connected with the Y. M. C. A. work. The President of this society is the chairman of the Missions committee, and thus a member of the cabinet. As the Mission Society has a retrospect of its activities elsewhere in these pages, we shall go on to our Teacher's Training class. The Teacher's Training class, known as the Philobiblicum, has some excellent work to its credit. During this school year two classes have graduated, and a third will before this term is ended. Although a course on the study of the Bible is in the curriculum of the college, many students have nevertheless found time and interest for the participation in this work. "Training for Service" by H. Moninger is being used as a text-book.

In spite of the time taken up by the Mission and Teacher's Training class meetings, there have been frequent prayer and song services held.

The Student Council may also be mentioned as a branch of the spiritual division. It is composed of members of the cabinet who were willing to be active in calling to the attention of students any actions which were not up to the standard of good fellowship. A difficult task it was,

but we are glad to state that a start has been made. As our physical activities are of the Athletic Society, also an independent organization, we shall hasten to our work in the field of social activity.

Our Y. M. C. A. Reading Room, in which current literature in daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals is abundant, has offered much pleasure and knowledge to members. Its location near the classrooms gives the members an opportunity to spend many leisure moments there.

The game rooms, consisting of the three first floor rooms on the north end of the Music Hall, have given great pleasure to all those interested in games. Newly equipped with tables, chairs and pictures, they have been the scene of many an exciting chess, checker and carrom game. The room at the west end, which is the smallest of the three, has served as cabinet and student council meeting room.

And last, but by no means least, we mention the banquets of the year. A reception banquet was given the newcomers in the early part of the school-year; a most jovial and enjoyable evening was spent on Hallowe'en, when contests of comical character were held, to the delight of all the members; the new officers were given an inauguration banquet on the second of April. Perhaps some may feel that a great part of the program has been omitted, if no mention is made of the appetizing desserts, provided by the committee in charge of the occasions.

Much has been done during the short existence of our Y. M. C. A., thanks to the helpful co-operation of our Advisory Board and especially of the State Secretary, Mr. O. E. Pence, but much more is to be done. May divine assistance always lead our Association to great accomplishments and higher ideals.

SCHILLER LITERARY SOCIETY

BY ALFRED T. MEYER.

The Schiller Literary Society needs no introduction to the Alumni. It was organized on the 22nd of November, 1885, as a Young Men's Society and was changed in 1894 to a literary society. The purpose of this society, as known to all, is to give its members opportunity to become efficient in debating, declaiming, lecturing and in music.

At the beginning of the current school-year, a new constitution was drawn up and adopted by the society. This constitution is not a revision of the old, being entirely independent of the latter. Many changes have been made and new features added to the program evenings. The Schiller-bote is a thing of the past, since the new constitution demands strict discipline; the Schiller-bote has always been a detriment to good order, for the jokes of the humorist tended to influence certain individual members to take the rest of the program, especially the recitations, as a joke. The members have become accustomed to the new order of things and fines now cease to be a necessity. The writer, though a lover of humor himself, agrees with others that the Schiller Society has a different mission to perform than merely to entertain, for we are a literary society named after the great Schiller. Much can be accomplished in the society meetings that cannot be done in the classrooms for lack of time. It is our sincere wish that in future years the society will reach a much higher standard, for there is much left undone. The office of permanent critic has also been removed, and instead a different critic

from the upper classes is appointed for every meeting. The fee for the school-year has been changed to fifty cents. The officers are elected in the second week of April for the entire school-year, the Executive Committee nominating one man for each office. The Executive Committee for the past year was organized as follows: President, A. T. Meyer; Vice-President, T. Holtorf; Secretary, W. Meisenheimer; Treasurer, B. Tepas.

The other officers of the society were: Business Manager, H. Heuser; Assistant Business Manager, T. Tiedemann; Stage Managers, J. Bunge and C. Kluge; Librarian, R. Schmidt.

The Division Leaders were: R. Lehmann and S. Albrecht; H. Heuser and C. Rueggeberg; A. Franke and F. Pfitzer.

The Debate Leaders were: R. Keller and C. Rueggeberg; H. Gebhardt and R. Hohmann.

The annual play, "Der Neffe als Onkel" by Friedr. Schiller, was a decided success, judging from the hearty laughter of the audience and their many complimentary remarks. The plot of this play is complicated, and were it not for the fact that many in the audience did not fully understand all the side-splitting situations, the actors would no doubt have been interrupted so much by laughter, that parts of the play could not have been understood at all. The play was staged to fit the time of the French Revolution and all the actors wore colonial wigs and rich costumes

of the loudest colors, while the ladies in the play took up a good deal of the stage room with their great hoop skirts.

From the financial point of view the play was the greatest success in the history of the college. Hard, consistent work and extensive advertising brought these results. The play was given at Glos Hall, Elnahurst, in St. Peter's spacious hall at Chicago, and in the auditorium of the Lincoln High School at Dolton, Ill. Had the clouds not shed all the tears they had on these three successive nights, the halls would have been crowded. As it was, the seats were nearly all occupied. The financial report of the two business managers, who deserve much praise, was as follows:

Total Receipts	\$271.90
Total Expenditures	\$119.85
Total Gain	\$152.05

The Schiller Society has thus been enabled to have its most flourishing year financially, the net profit of the play and the membership fees amounting to almost \$230.00.

When the Annual goes to press we will probably have had our fourth debate for the school-year. The society would have had more debates but the writer could not resume his duties till late in February, having been absent from school for several weeks. The subject of the first debate, which was won by the affirmative side, consisting of P. Schmidt, W. Bartels, and F. Schroeder, was, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment should be abolished." The negative side was ably defended by E. Bizer, P. Lehmann and H. Kettelhut. The judges were, Professors G. Sorrick, P. Crusius, and C. G. Stanger.

The second debate, "Resolved, That the government should support a graduated system of income tax, constitutionally granted," was hotly contested, and the decision was in favor of the negative side, consisting of H. Heuser, T. Holtorf, and R. Hohmann. The affirmative side of

the question was argued by P. Kehle, R. Lehmann, and G. Kleeb. The judges were Dir. D. Irion and Professors H. Arlt and C. Bauer.

The subject of the third debate was "Resolved, That the system of nomination by direct primaries is preferable to that of nomination by caucus and convention." The affirmative side represented by F. Schaefer, P. Goebel, and O. Koch brought the second victory to the division led by R. Keller and C. Rueggeberg. The negative side consisting of J. Melchert, C. Kluge, and C. Klein put up a stubborn fight and the decision was close. Dr. Wilkinson and Professors G. Sorrick and H. Brodt were the judges.

One of the new features, introduced by the new constitution is the stereopticon lecture course. Thus far seven such lectures have been held, and the members seem to take considerable interest in them. The purpose of this course is to give the upper class men more opportunity to gain experience in lecturing, beside benefitting the audience.

The seven lectures or readings to date were:

1. "How the Chinese travel and worship," lecture by T. Hauck.
2. "The Life of Abraham Lincoln," reading by W. Bartels.
3. "Christmas," lecture by H. Gebhardt.
4. "Yosemite Valley," readings by J. Krueger, E. Bizer, and W. Kettelhut.
5. "Yellowstone National Park," readings by R. Keller, R. Lehmann, and J. Schlunkmann.
6. Lectures on "Milan" and "Naples," by Dir. D. Irion and A. Franke.
7. "Recent Excavations," lecture by Dir. Irion.

The retiring officers wish the officers for the next school-year the best of success and hope that the society will have the best year of its career.

Die Mission.

Von Herman Gebhardt.

Jedermann, der ein ganzer Christ sein will, muß sich für die Mission interessieren. So nahm auch in diesem Jahre die Mission im Studentenleben einen breiten Raum ein. Unter der Leitung des hiesigen vereinigten Missionsvereins wurde der Versuch gemacht, die Studenten für die Missionsache zu interessieren und mit den Zuständen und Begebenheiten auf den Missionsgebieten bekannt zu machen. Daher fanden zweiwöchentliche Missionsversammlungen statt, die aus Gesang, Gebet und einem belehrenden Vortrag über ein interessantes Missionsfeld oder über das Leben eines Missionars bestanden. Die Vorträge wurden von Studenten der oberen Klassen gehalten. Um aber auch die einzelnen zum persönlichen Missionsstudium zu gewinnen, wurden vier Missionsklassen eingerichtet, die von Albrecht, McQueen, Schroeder und Gebhardt geleitet wurden und einen Kursus über Indien durchmachten. An diesem Unterricht nahmen 58 Studenten teil. Damit nun die Leiter dieser Klassen zukünftig so fähig wie möglich werden, wurde eine Klasse organisiert, die noch vor dem Ende des Schuljahrs unter der Leitung des Herrn Professor Crusius ein Buch über Afrika studieren wird. Aber neben diesen subjek-

tiven Zwecken hat der Verein auch objektive, nämlich, die Kosten der Erziehung zweier Waisenfinder in unserm Missionsfelde in Indien zu bestreiten, zur Erweiterung der synodalen Missionsarbeit mitzuwirken und für die Unterstützung der Arbeit unter den Studenten zu sorgen. Die Hungersnot in Indien wurde den Studenten ans Herz gelegt, und ein Scherflein zur Linderung derselben fortgeschickt. Auch wurden der Bibliothek des Vereins vierundzwanzig Bände hinzugefügt, so daß der Verein bereits 82 Bände hat nebst mehreren Missionsmagazinen und einer Wandkarte, die den Stand der Missionstätigkeit in der ganzen Welt anzeigt. Die Beamten des Vereins sind gegenwärtig die folgenden: H. Gebhardt, Präsident; R. Lehmann, Vizepräsident; S. Albrecht, Sekretär; E. Kluge, Schatzmeister; F. Schaefer, Hilfschatzmeister. Die Gliederzahl beträgt 119. Es ist schon zu merken, daß das Interesse für die Mission allmählich zunimmt, und mit Gottes Hilfe wird der jetzt gesäte Samen in Zukunft gedeihen und Frucht bringen, so daß die Studenten ein warmes Herz für das Werk des Herrn auch in der Heidenwelt haben werden.

Das waltete Gott!

ORPHEUS MALE CHOIR

A. T. M.

The Orpheus Male Choir, the College Glee Club, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest organization, having celebrated its thirtieth anniversary this year.

The purpose of the choir is to furnish music for religious services in church and chapel, and for the annual plays, the programs of the Schiller Society, the Y. M. C. A. banquets, and special occasions. Being in existence for thirty years, the Glee Club has a much larger library than most organizations of its kind, and new books of sacred and secular songs are added every year.

The Glee Club consists of sixteen members and the Director. The members of every class are eligible to membership and the places of the graduates are filled at the beginning of the school-year by singers recommended to the Glee Club by its director and president, after they have shown their vocal abilities.

The Glee Club has kept up its good record of the former years and has undertaken many hard classic songs. Schlunkmann deserves much praise for his excellent work as director of the Glee Club, as do also the singers for their respective parts in the past school-year's attainments.

It is organized as follows:

Director, JOHN SCHLUNKMANN.	President, A. T. MEYER,
Vice-President, F. PFITZER,	Treasurer, B. TEPAS.

The members are:

I. TENOR	II. TENOR	I. BASS	II. BASS
B. TEPAS	W. WITT	EDW. SINNING	R. LOCHER
F. SCHAEFER	R. HOHMANN	L. BRINK	R. KELLER
H. HAAS	S. ALBRECHT	F. PFITZER	O. EGLI
E. BIZER	C. KOEHLER	A. T. MEYER	G. KLEEB

The graduates wish the other members a world of success.

COLLEGE QUARTETTE

The college quartette is of very recent date, although other quartettes, especially class quartettes, were in existence a number of years ago. The present quartette was born and christened the latter part of 1911, when upon the wish of Rev. L. Goebel, of Chicago, that a student quartette sing in his church, one of its present members, A. T. Meyer, allied himself with F. Daries, an excellent second tenor, Gust. Brink, a first tenor, and F. Pfitzer, a second bass. The people liked the singing of the quartette so well that another invitation was immediately extended to them. Other invitations followed, and the quartette became a small permanent organization. The rule has been made and agreed to by all the members that this quartette should remain strictly a college quartette, and that not more than two students of the same class shall ever become members of the quartette. The reason for this is self-evident, for it would hardly be right for four or even three inexperienced singers in quartette work appear before large audiences. Brink graduated in 1912 and gave way to B. Tepas before the year closed, so that the latter might be initiated before the next schoolyear. The year 1912—1913 was a very successful one, and the quartette was often called upon to sing in different Chicago and suburban churches, at funerals, concerts, entertainments, organ-recitals, bazaars etc., besides singing in the college chapel, at college plays, society programs, and special occasions. The quartette gave two complete concerts and sang a number of operettas. Daries graduated in 1913, and his place was filled by J. Schlunkmann. The quartette of the past schoolyear has kept up its former record, and we hope that it will do so in the future. Two of the members, Schlunkmann and Meyer, leave with this year's class.

M.

CLASS MOTTO — THROUGH SERVICE I GROW

BY W. BARTELS.

“Those who have searched into human nature observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul, as that felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon in whatever place or state of life he is posted.” This active principle is the sacred, celestial life-essence breathed into us by the Almighty God. It is part of the primeval curse, but it has been softened into mercy and changed into a blessing. All the beauty, glory or dignity pertaining to it, depends upon the ends to which it is the means. The impulse to work, to create, to serve, is in us and demands expression. It lies with us how we will express it. We can show the nobleness of our soul, our relation to God, by directing our efforts into the channel of selfless endeavor; or we can join the ignobler class and throttle the God in us by expressing our impulses in satisfying degrading, selfish ambition.

It is necessary that we serve in order to satisfy the active principle within us. We have not a sinew whose law of strength is not action; not a faculty of the body, mind, or soul whose law of improvement is not energy. If we use this action, this energy in serving selfish ambition, what do we gain, how do we grow? We strive to achieve, to surpass or subdue mankind and when we have attained what we set out to accomplish we are not contented, because ambition is a passion so powerful in the human breast that no matter how high we may reach we are never satisfied;

we storm heaven itself in our folly. It is the nature of selfish ambition to make men liars and cheats who hide the truth in their hearts; to cut all friendships to the measure of self-interest and to put on a good face where there is no corresponding good will. It is the flame that is never quenched, it steals away the freshness of life, it shuts our souls to our youth and grows more inflamed by indulgence. Do we grow by serving such a passion? Undoubtedly. We become a power that must be reckoned with, just as Napoleon was a power or as Satan is a power. Certainly we grow; but what a price we pay for our growth! From our high seat of power we look down upon the hate of those below us; we look up at the heavens and are discontented because we cannot reach them; we look at the beautiful pictures or hear sweet music and find that we have strangled the faculty of appreciation within us, all because we suffered ourselves to be carried away in the clutches of selfish ambition.

Starting again with the same thought that the active principle within us must in some way be expressed, let us see how much we gain or how we grow by directing our efforts into the channel of selfless endeavor.

Why is the soldier willing to die for his country? Why did the apostles serve Christ even unto death? And why was Christ willing to suffer death upon the cross? Not for selfish ambition, but because theirs was a service in a great, elevating cause; theirs was a high ideal. They

were striving to be of some benefit to others by raising the standard of service to a higher, nobler level.

What do we gain, how do we grow in such a service? Even by an application of faithful service to our daily work, whatever it may be, we cannot help but grow. Every employee is expected to be punctual and punctuality is necessary if we wish to be successful. When a secretary of Washington, excusing himself for being late, said that his watch was slow, the reply of Washington was, "You must get a new watch, or I must get a new secretary." The employee has no right to waste his employer's time, even if he does waste his own. Punctuality then, is one form of growth which we achieve by faithful service. Exactness and concentration are other forms. We read the biography of a successful business man and we find that he was always punctual and exact and attended strictly to the business in hand. If we would be successful we also must develop these qualities thru faithful service.

Not only in our business relation does faithful service develop in us the qualities necessary to success, but in our other relations, social and religious, selfless endeavor gives us that true happiness, perfect contentment, which can be realized only when self is forgotten and all our service is for others. Such service strikes a chord that extends thru the whole universe, touches all moral intelligence, visits every world, vibrates along its whole extent, and conveys its vibrations to the very bosom of God. It teaches us self-sacrifice, the highest rule of grace, the essence of true nobility. Every good unselfish service rendered blooms like a beautiful flower, shines forth like a great search-light lighting and cheering bewildered travelers on the road, and returns to bless and glorify the doer. From good service sown, sweet remembrances grow.

Good thoughts are but idle dreams unless they are put into action. Our worth is determined by the good deeds

we do rather than by the fine emotions we feel. By concentrated unselfish effort to serve others we are gradually raising ourselves to that plane in which Christ lived and served, we are following a high ideal, aspiring to something celestial. Our views are broadened, so that we see the needs of others; self is forgotten and we minister unto our fellowman as Christ would have us do. Our lives and our souls are consecrated to Christ and His service, and the world becomes a beautiful place in which to live. Thru such service we grow, not merely in worldly power but in heavenly grace, not only financially but in the riches of Christ's love.

Who could enjoy life in a world where no sun shines, where there are no flowers, where no birds sing, where beautiful scenery is unknown and all is darkness? Yet it would be endurable compared with a world where there is no kindness, no mother's love, no father's devotion, no self-sacrifice: where all serve selfish ambition. How much more pleasant to forget self, to serve others and to enjoy the beautiful things God gives us! For it is no exaggeration to assert that two-thirds of all that makes life beautiful to live consists in unselfish service to others.

A soldier, wounded in the mouth, refused to drink water from a canteen when it was offered him, because he did not want to spoil the water for his wounded comrades. His was a beautiful sacrifice, but we can be certain that it was not his first. Had he not lived a life of self-denial, sacrificing his own comfort for the comfort of others, he could not have made his last great sacrifice, which crowned him in death. If we are ready to meet the big opportunity when it comes we must be prepared thru study and experience. If we would make a big sacrifice we must train ourselves by living a pure clean life of self-denial. The reward is our spiritual growth and life in eternity with Christ our Redcemer.

THE TURNING POINT

BY THEODORE HOLTORF.

With the advent of the class of 1914 into the history of Elmhurst College, a new era was inaugurated. A change took place that made for a better Elmhurst, a more efficient curriculum, and for conditions more compatible to the standard of universal brotherhood and good fellowship. These two events were merely coincident, not resultant one from the other. The advent of the class of 1914 was not the cause of better conditions, nor was the advent of the 1914 class the result of better conditions; therefore we must decline all honor involved.

Our years at college are comprised of the end of the old regime, and the advent of the new. The old regime that was still tied to the past by inefficiency and harmful tradition—the new regime in touch with progress and acquainted with the demands of modern conditions.

Retracing the footprints marked on the sands of time, we stand again upon the threshold of our College life. The magician Memory has waved his wand over four years of progress, and lo: they are no more.

We stand upon the steps of the main building and look across the campus to the homes of the professors; the community of Wisdom, on Alexander Boulevard. A sloping grass-plot and restless cedar trees cover the intervening space, where a miniature baseball game is in progress. The modern fire-proof structure, dedicated Irion Hall in honor of Director Irion, D. D., now occupies the grassy slopes, and restless activity is ever present in its study and bed-

rooms, its halls, chapel, library and gymnasium and in the home of Director Irion.

Our first days at Elmhurst were full to overflowing with interest. The recording power of memory was taxed far beyond its limits, but stored within its confines are pictures that are ineffacable; and memory itself will be no more when these impressions have disappeared.

Knowledge always receives its due rewards, and we were agreeably surprised when apprised of the fact that the fourth class would be honored with our membership. There were many things that we escaped thru our good or ill fortune in thus passing the fifth class at a single bound. Public schools teach arithmetic, but the inevitable result of a glimpse into a certain one of Prof. Brodt's classes would be a marked downward revision of confidence either in efficiency of public school training, or the translucency of fifth class craniums.

It is true that there may be a superabundance of a good thing—arithmetic has been blacklisted—ousted from the honor roll of the curriculum, and two other relics of public school days have been doomed to a similar fate. No doubt there are many who are very grateful for their knowledge of history, zoology, arithmetic, etc., obtained in Elmhurst: but tradition cannot shape the course of a college, nor can a modern college curriculum do graded schoolwork and keep up the ratio of progress.

That the standard of knowledge to be acquired at Elm-

hurst is still far below standard is the opinion of many graduates, who have been handicapped by this fact. In days gone by the library has been blamed for a large percentage of the deficiency, and it is a well-known fact that our collection of books of all kinds was conspicuous chiefly on account of its lamentable limitations. Two years ago the Meusch Library, supported and conducted by the students, was transferred into more commodious quarters in Irion Hall, into the charge of the college, and incidentally into the able management of Professor Paul Crusius. The credit due Professor Crusius cannot be overestimated, for besides enlarging it to nearly three times its original size, his good judgement in the choice of books, and the ability and competency of the library staff under his direction and headed by John Schlinkmann, have made the Meusch Memorial Library a source of information and pleasurable entertainment many times more valuable than under the old order.

The birthday of our Country's father was in olden days observed in a manner that could leave no doubt as to the impression it would leave upon even the most sieve-like memory. Shoeblacking, ice-cold water, barrel staves and legs of broken chairs were the delicate instruments used in recording the event. Tho the memory alone retains the impressions, they originated in divers places. This "dark institution of savagery and barbarism," has been abolished along with much that savored of ignorance and cruelty. The freshmen of the present have no fear of the barrel staves or the icy ducking. We are glad for them—for the majority—that is, (we still have a very vivid recollection of the 22nd of February, 1911) but there are

those who seem to be deficient in important parts of behavior and mannerisms, and for these, a return to the old custom, would be both instructive and healthful.

In days of old, to be appointed House Senior was to be intrusted with important duties. Halls and recitation rooms had to be swept, the floors scrubbed, the wash rooms kept in order; frequently a lagging famulus had to be disciplined; in fact, the House Senior was lord over a miniature empire. An empire whose army fought battles with dirt and uncleanness, and had both hands full keeping things running smoothly. Today the House Senior finds his field of activity greatly reduced. The janitor now leads the assaults against the enemy, and very efficiently at that: consequently the empire is overrun with unemployed. A King without a throne and subjects without occupations! But the life of the college runs smoother under the new order than ever before. Those who cannot refrain from being usefully occupied, now console themselves by stalking some harmless Greek or Latin verb thru dozens of lexicons, and after worrying it to distraction, pounce upon it in high glee within its very lair.

Our dining room has also seen changes within the past four years. A casual observer would have great difficulty in finding any difference between those who were fed upon the food that mother makes, and those who are fed upon the everyday college fare.

With the advent of the prosperity to the country at large came the advent of the new rulers of the dining hall at Elmhurst—Mr. Gernand and wife—and there are few students at Elmhurst who lose weight during their absence from home.

Elmhurst is growing as a modern college should grow, and we deem it a great privilege that our days at college encompass the turning point—the change from the old stand-still to the new and progressive order of things.

A DAY AT ELMHURST

BY REINHART LEHMANN.

It is half past five in the morning. Silence reigns in the buildings of Elmhurst College. Here and there a shrill alarm clock breaks the stillness to awaken some conscientious student, whom the worries over an examination spur on to early morning study; otherwise everything is steeped in dead slumber.

In the days of yore, this was the time for the clamorous handbell to make its rounds thru the bedrooms, rudely rousing the sleepers from their dreams. Now there is no such inconvenience. We have progressed; an electric gong has taken the place of the bell. And in accordance with modern progress, the hour of rising has been set a half hour later. Accordingly, at six o'clock the restless gong rings the hour of rising, at least it should ring. That it really does ring, the writer cannot from experience assert.

However this may be, the fact remains that very few respond to its call, or even hear it. A quarter of an hour later, the senior's assistant, the "Unterseniör," makes a tour thru the sleeping apartments; and he, at least, is heard by the slumberers, even if his efforts to get them out of bed are as a rule futile. At half past six the pesky senior comes in person to assert his authority. Sometimes with gentle, sometimes with forceful means, he tries to persuade the indolent sleepers that it is time to get up; but even these methods of coercion are futile in the case of some. The only infallible means is the light step and the authoritative

voice of the Director. When these are heard, every one knows and feels it is really time to say farewell to slumberland.

Now everything is in commotion and bustle; every one is washing the sleep from his eyes and preparing himself, if not for a few moments of study, for breakfast. Soon the gong, assisted by the old dinner bell, announces the morning meal, and a stream of humanity pours out of the various buildings into the dining hall to do full justice to the food proffered there. Breakfast is followed by a short intermission, which is to be used primarily for making beds. This operation, however, is done in a twinkling, and we are free to review our lessons or take a stroll.

The end of the intermission is proclaimed by the tower bell, which invites us to the morning chapel service. A hundred and fifty youths gather and from an equal number of lusty throats the choral peals forth in mighty unison. Hardly has the song died away, when already the incessant gong impatiently calls us to the recitation rooms, where we are to spend from three to five periods of forty-five minutes, extending from 8:00 to 12:05 o'clock. Happy is the class which has some of these periods free; but gloomy, on the other hand is the one to whose lot fall five continuous recitations. Sometimes swiftly, sometimes slowly, the minutes and hours pass, in due proportion to the thoroughness with which the lessons have been prepared. As the noon

hour approaches the steady grind has its effect upon the spirits of the students. Even the seconds roll by ever so slowly and inattention becomes prevalent. What a flash of joy lights up their features when the tower bell releases them from their agony and summons them to the dining hall! Out of the classrooms they rush and virtually storm the dining hall. In a solid, unresistable column, they pour in, and in twenty minutes the tables have been completely raided. As is evidenced by the joviality and other signs of contentment, this is the happiest time of the day, excepting perhaps the recreation time.

At the close of the meal, the house-senior rises to make the announcements for the day. Then we are dismissed from the dining hall row by row according to tables.

"But what is that boisterous crowd doing in the hallway of Irion Hall?" the visitor will ask. It is the noisy group of expectant youths waiting for the clerk to bring the mail from the Director's office. Here he comes! The noise is gradually subdued, and the names are called off as the letters and cards are distributed, bringing gladness to the fortunate recipients, disappointment to those whose friends did not write. After this scene of gladness and woe, we disperse in all directions, to the village, to the playgrounds or perhaps even to our study-rooms; it is the period of general activities and carefree leisure.

At 1:10 the recitations are resumed and continue until 4:35. As a rule, however, no class has more than three of these afternoon hours, usually less and sometimes none. When the last recitation of the day is passed, out we fly like birds liberated from a cage. With a hip, hip, hurrah! we hurry out upon the baseball diamond, the football field,

the tennis courts, the green country, or down into the gymnasium. The first and second teams line up against each other to play whatever sport is in season, and thus gain the skill and teamwork for which Elmhurst is famous.

Tired from exertion, but nevertheless happy and contented, we heed the call to supper, hungry as wolves. With keen appetite the evening repast is attacked and done away with. As at every meal, we are seated eight at a table, a senior at the head. One of the under-classmen cuts the bread, another one gets the water or anything needed from the kitchen; we are our own waiters.

After supper, there remains a half hour of free time during which many are seen taking a stroll to town, often stopping at the corner grocery store to satisfy the craving for sweets.

At seven, the never tiring gong reminds us that one of the requisites of the college life is study. How cruel this study-time often is, when it breaks up a circle of chums who are discussing latest events in the baseball world, or telling hyperbolical stories, or knocking things in general! But alas! Fate wills it as our duty and duty is relentless. From seven to half past nine, with an intermission of ten minutes, you will find us at our desks, diligently perusing our lessons.

The strain of mental effort is relaxed when the now welcome gong rings for chapel. Again the hearty choral is heard, penetrating the darkness as a bidding of "Good Night."

During the fifteen minutes from chapel to bed-time, a large number is in the gymnasium doing stunts on the apparatus, while the rest prepare themselves for retiring. The buildings are filled with hubbub, which gradually decreases. One after another the students go to bed; one after another the lights are turned off until silence again reigns in darkness.

Wie Bruder Ed. mit lammarartiger Geduld die Morgenröte erwartete.

Von Alfred T. Meyer.

„Pfeilschnell ist die Nacht entflohen; zögernd kommt der Morgen heran gezogen.“ Solche Gedanken beschäftigten den lieben Bruder Ed, als er eines Morgens etliche Stunden früher als die Hühner aufstand.

Bruder Ed hatte nämlich das Unglück, in demselben Zimmer mit zwei Spaßvögeln zu wohnen. Nun begab es sich, daß diese beiden Kerle an einem Abend bis 1 Uhr aufblieben, um für einen der sehr beliebten „Xenophon Tests“ zu ochen. Schelm M., der ein weiches Herz hat, bedauerte endlich sein einsames Bett, als es ihm das S. D. S.-Signal zusandte, und gesellte sich zu ihm. Kaum hatte er das Licht im Zimmer angezündet, da hob Bruder Ed nach Gewohnheit seinen lodigen Kopf vom Kissen, sah den eben ausgezogenen Schuh des Schelmen M. und fragte nach der Zeit. Schelm M. dachte daran, daß Bruder Ed um 5.30 aufstehen wollte, und schneller als der Blitz stiegen mörderische Gedanken in ihm auf. Er zog den abgezogenen Schuh wieder an und antwortete: „It's half past five, Ed, better get up!“ Dann eilte er, seinen Bruder Schelm in das Komplott zu ziehen, auch rückte er den Zeiger der Marmuhr fünf Stunden vor. Schelm R., der in jener Woche Weckfamulus war, polterte an einigen Türen und rief: „Halb sechs Uhr!“ Dann liefen die beiden Schelme etliche Male in der Halle auf und ab, so daß Bruder Ed schon Be-

fürchtungen hatte, daß der Direktor seine Runde machen würde, ehe er sich ankleiden könnte.

Als er nun in das Studierzimmer trat, fand er die Schelme sehr beschäftigt und er folgte sogleich ihrem Beispiel. Sehr bald erkannte er aber, daß er kaltes Wasser für sein Gesicht bedürfe, da er noch nicht vollends wach sei, und so folgte er den Schelmen mit Handtüchern in das Waschzimmer. Hier seifte er sein Gesicht ein wie noch nie zuvor, während die Schelme ihr Handtuch in ihren Mund stopften, um das Lachen zu verbeißen. Mit dem reinsten Heldenmut ging Bruder Ed dann an die Arbeit, während die Schelme unter dem Vorwand, daß sie unten in Bruder Shorth's Zimmer studieren wollten, hinunter auf das zweite Stockwerk gingen, wo sie dann ihre Schuhe auszogen und auf allen Vieren die Treppe wieder hinauf krochen. Oben an der Treppe trafen sie einen kranken Bruder und flüsterten ihm zu, er solle in Ed's Zimmer gehen und letzteren fragen, ob einer der Schelme schon auf sei, und Ed biß wieder in den Haden. So hatte er also nicht den geringsten Verdacht, und die Schelme trieben die Narrerei weiter. Der eine von ihnen kroch wieder in Shorth's Zimmer unten und rief dann die Treppe hinauf, daß Ed vier Brüder, die er nannte, um sechs Uhr wecken solle, er selbst habe nicht Zeit dazu. Mit großer Spannung erwarteten die Schelme

die Stunde ab, unterdessen vergossen sie vom vielen Lachen riesige Tränen. Als es punkt sechs auf Ed's Uhr, auf anderen Uhren aber punkt ein Uhr war, weckte Ed den ersten schnarchenden Bruder. Der drehte sich um, brummte etwas von „verrückt sein“ in seinen noch abwesenden Bart, und warf dem ihn immer noch schüttelnden Ed einen aromatischen Schuh an den Kopf.

Besiegt, aber noch nicht ganz entmutigt, versuchte er es mit den drei anderen, die alle in einem Zimmer schliefen. Nachdem er in etlichen Zimmern das Licht angedreht hatte, fand er endlich das rechte Zimmer. Der erste Bruder, den er weckte, zog seine Uhr unter dem Kissen hervor, und mit rascher Bewegung hielt er sie dicht vor seine Augen, denen er kaum traute; denn die verdollte Uhr ging ja, und doch war es erst 1 Uhr. Unterdessen fiedte der zweite Bruder den Oberkörper aus dem Fenster, aber der Mond lachte ihn aus und noch keine Sonnenstrahlen konnte man sehen. Beide Brüder schauten nun das verzweifelte Gesicht Ed's an, schüttelten bedenklich den Kopf und gaben Ed den guten Rat, den jähzornigen Bruder Fr— nicht zu wecken, sonst gäbs Krieg. Mit den Worten:

„Undank ist der Welt Lohn“ auf seinen Lippen, ging Ed die Hallentreppe hinunter, um die Hallenuhr zu untersuchen; denn es kam ihm doch endlich etwas spanisch vor, daß sich niemand regte, und daß es eine Sonnenfinsternis so früh am Morgen geben sollte, ohne zuvor in den Zeitungen angezeigt zu werden. Aber o weh. Ed stolperte über den Kater und fiel gegen des Direktors Türe. Ed bekam eine schreckliche Gänsehaut und schrie wohl lauter als der Kater. Er eilte so schnell ihn seine müden Beine tragen konnten hinauf in sein Zimmer und ließ sich erschöpft vor seinem Schreibtisch nieder.

Über das Studieren wollte nicht recht gehen, und so beschloß Ed, noch vor dem Frühstück ein wenig zu schlafen. Als er in das Bettzimmer trat, fand er die beiden Schelme im Bett, und als er mit verzweifelter Miene fragte, was für Zeit es eigentlich sei, verwirrten sie ihn noch mehr durch verschiedene Angaben der Zeit; jedoch rieten sie ihm, zu Bette zu gehen, wenn er auch das Frühstück einmal vermisse. Fünfzehn Minuten später lachte Bruder Ed laut auf. Der arme Bruder, der selbst andere gerne am Narrenseil führte, erkannte endlich, daß er das Opfer eines Studentenstreichs war.

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PRICE \$1.00

200 PEOPLE KILLED IN N. Y. & C. TUBE

"20th Century Bullet" Crashes into Freight

A frightful accident occurred at 3:45 this afternoon in the N. Y. & C. Tube, when the "20th Century Bullet" crashed into the rear of a freight train near Toledo. For some unknown reason the freight train had become stalled. With lightning speed the limited approached. The automatic danger brakes failed to work. Hardly had the engineer of the passenger seen the tail light of the freight, before the collision took place. So great was the shock that both the trains were reduced to splinters of steel. Not a single passenger escaped death, the terribly mangled bodies being mixed with the tangled wreckage. No accurate estimate of the number killed can be made. Owing to the vacuum

in the subway and the wedged condition of the wreckage, the task of clearing the track is very difficult.

The ill-fated passenger was the fastest train operating between Chicago and New York thru the recently constructed vacuum tube, its scheduled time being 2 hrs. 10 m. 11 sec. It was of the best steel construction thruout, air-tight when closed so as not to lose into the vacuum of the tube any of the oxygen, which was stored in pressure tanks. The current was fed direct from the earth; and the lack of air resistance made the high speed possible.

A committee has been appointed by the Inter-State Commerce Commission to investigate the causes of the wreck and try to place the responsibility.

843 GRADUATE AT U. TODAY

The largest class in the history of Elmhurst University will complete its course with its graduation this evening. At the close of the exercises 517 young men and 316 young women will receive their diplomas and degrees in the new chapel and auditorium capable of seating 4,000 people. The features arranged for the program are: the Class Song, written and composed by Miss Josephine Franke; the girl's quartette, consisting of the Misses Alice Gebhardt, Joan Holtorf, Mabel Bartels, and Hannah McQueen; the essays by Paul Schoppe, Jr., and Miss Geraldine Schmidt; the orchestra conducted by J. Schlinkmann, Jr., and the commencement oration by the Honorable Robt. Keller, D. D. The limited number of seats has been assigned to the friends of the graduates.

GREAT CROWD SEES THRILLING RESCUE

Babel Skyscraper Damaged by Fire

Fire broke out this afternoon in the seventieth story of the fireproof Babel skyscraper, owned by P. Meisenheimer. The aero-chemicals arrived in ten seconds after the alarm was rung in, but the fire, feeding on the paint stored on the floor, was too hot for them to approach near enough for efficient work.

Continued on page 2

THE WEATHER

Forecast for Wednesday:

Generally fair and warmer. Unsettled condition of atmosphere, with probable thunderstorms.

The Winds: Near surface of earth: fitful and not dependable. At altitude of 3,000 feet, steady wind of thirty miles per hour from south. All thunderstorms can be avoided at height of 9,000 feet.

**THE ELMHURST HOURLY
PUBLISHED EVERY HOUR**

Entered as second-class matter under act of 1940.
Editor, U. R. RATTLEBRAIN.
City Editor, I. M. SWIFT.
Country Editor, E. Z. KAWT.

Continued from page 1

Suddenly Chief Bizer, looking thru a spy-glass, saw a lone woman surrounded by fire. The aeroplanes could not approach for fear of getting their wings scorched. As a last resort the newly invented ice gun was used. A column of water mixed with a certain compound of ammonia, was shot into the air, where it froze. A fireman, H. Hosto, quickly ascended the column of ice and rescued the woman amidst the cheering of the crowd. Soon after the flames were under control.

**MADAM PRESIDENT
HAUCK FORCES NEW
TARIFF LAW THRU**

The Women's Party today fulfilled the first of its pledges when the Mary Ann Tariff Bill was passed in the Senate by a vote of fifty-two to forty. The Senators of the Anti-Woman's Party all voted against the bill, but were de-

**SCIENCE
and INVENTION**

Prof. E. Z. Going has issued a statement that he has invented some powders, which will greatly facilitate the acquiring of geometrical knowledge. He claims that he has a specific powder for each Geometry proposition; all the student has to do is to take the powder before going to recitation and he will know his lesson perfectly, provided he has taken the right powder. There is one drawback, however: the powders are very expensive, so that only the rich can buy them. The poor fellow will have to continue in the old tedious way.

Prof. Seybold has at last exchanged messages with Mars. By means of an immense search-light, several acres in extent, which throws its beams in a shaft of light five feet in diameter, he has set up communication with

feated by the greater number of senators. So intense was the animosity engendered by the debate just preceding the vote that the men were in danger of forgetting that they were gentlemen. Owing to the circumstances that the

planet and finds that Mars is an exact duplicate of the earth, only more developed. The astronomer whose attention Prof. Seybold first attracted proved to be a scientist by the name of Nelson, who knew the Morse Code so well, that no difficulty was encountered in understanding each other's message.

The problem of heating has now been solved forever. The noted chemist, F. Fuehring, has discovered a cheap process for separating water into its components of hydrogen and oxygen. He has the patent on a stove, which breaks up the water, feeds the two gases to the burners, and collects the water formed by the combination of the two during combustion. The only fuel necessary is a new metal compound which separates the gases, of which water is composed.

ladies wear silk hats, there was nothing to fear from hat pins.

In the new schedule silks, laces, perfumes and millinery are on the free list. Tobacco and liquors are almost prohibited by a tariff of ninety

WANT ADS

WANTED—A housekeeper. Must be young and pretty, and of amiable disposition.

Reginald Schmidt,
6735 Lonely Lane.

WANTED — Aero-chauffeur. Must be sober and cool. Can use aeroplane for personal use once a week.

Apply 4117 Air Line St.

WANTED—A male nurse for children. Only gentle men need apply. 419 Nursery St.

FOR SALE—Beefsteak in tablet form. \$1.00 per dozen.

The Ox Co.

FOR SALE—Four week old chicks. Royal Wyandotte, guaranteed to lay in three weeks. John Fowler.

FOR SALE—All kinds of groceries, delivered within a radius of 100 miles by air route.

The Up-to-Date Grocery.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms with sky wharf. No renter with children wanted.

Joachim Nebuchadnezzar.

per cent ad valorem. The decrease in the tariff collection caused by the free list is to be offset by the money raised from the tax upon all men who have refused the proposals of their aggressive woocesses.

THE SILENT POOL

BY THEO. W. HOLTORF.

Once upon a time, not very long ago, there lay a little pool of water in a large forest; the rain had fallen and run down into a small hollow and stopped there. The water, too, had dripped from off the trees, making the pool still deeper, and even the dews of the still summer night had added their tiny supplies. At first this little pool showed a clear face, rippled and smiling, when the winds whispered and the sun showed over it; but after a while dead leaves and stray twigs and mottled dust gathered in its clear depths, and it was no longer bright and beautiful, but dark and muddy, for the water no longer rippled and smiled, but stood still and stagnant. There was no current in the pool, no running life and motion: so the poor little pool, instead of being a source of good to everything around it, became instead a source of danger, with its green, rank, evil-smelling water.

After a while, when the summer sun shone hot and dry, the water in the pool became less and less, and the small creatures who lived there began to fear that unless they made some preparation for themselves they would very soon be left upon the dry, cracked bottom of the pool. So, before all the water was gone, these creatures began to burrow down into the soft mud. Not very far underground chanced to be a little spring of water, but no one even knew it was there; but in burrowing down and scooping out a hole for itself an ambitious frog broke thru the crust of the earth which covered the spring, and all of a sudden its clear, running waters bubbled in thru the opening, soon filling the pool quite full again with fresh, sweet water. Not only did it fill the pool, but sent it brimming and running over, trickling and murmuring down

the valley, working out a course for itself as it went, and creating life and beauty wherever it flowed. Soon lovely ferns and sweet-smelling flowers grew up all about the pool, for it had become alive, its waters were no longer putrid and stagnant, but wholesome and refreshing, and the birds and beasts of the forest stooped over it to quench their thirst, raising their heads in mute thanksgiving to the All-Good, who had led them to the "still waters."

Now, let us learn a lesson from the pool and the brook. Our hearts may be as dead, stagnant pools of water, if there is nothing but selfish desire in them, no love for others, only self-seeking, self-centered vanity. But to ask God the Good, to let His spirit of Love break thru our outer crusts of self, is like letting the spring at the bottom of the pool well up within us. It was by chance that the frog uncovered the hidden spring and released the life-giving water. Even so in our lives does chance all too often play the most important part. The crust of self must not be too thick, else there can be no flowing stream of love and kindness radiating from us to others. We must be prepared to let God open the secret spring of Love within us, for thus alone can we know God and sing and make melody unto Him. The response we get is like the rippling, murmuring waters of the little brook—our happiness and God-given goodness will bubble over and help other people; for to be truly good we must be the inlet and the outlet of God's love. Once that love fills our hearts it will overflow like the little pool, bringing joy and blessings to whosoever it meets on its way along the valley. Our lives are our own to make of them what we will. Are we going to have them dead, stagnant pools, or clear streams of running water?

WISE AND OTHERWISE

BY A. T. MEYER and PAUL LEHMANN

I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when a man laughs—it adds something to his life.—*Sterne.*

'The Country Gentleman,' manifesting special 'Cosmopolitan' interest in the 'Woman's World,' departed from the 'North American' coast, crossed the 'Atlantic,' and traversed many parts of 'The World.' His many leisure hours afforded him many opportunities to literally (Literary) 'Digest' the 'Ladies Home Journal' and 'Education.' While in Rome he spent much of his time at the 'Forum,' and became interested in 'Everybody's' 'Dumb Animals.' On account of his belated 'Outlook' at the railroad station for the 'Twentieth Century' he was forced to participate in 'Physical Culture' to reach his hotel before night-fall. 'Current Opinion' abroad has heralded him a distinguished 'American,' lauding him a 'Student' and 'Musician.' His lectures on 'Country Life in America' were a great success.

PROF.—"Schoppe! who were the Caroline poets?"
Silence.

"Well Schoppe, why don't you answer?"

SCHOPPE:—"I can't, I got a sore leg."

After Pobanz had mauled Bohn good and proper, Bohn, greatly exasperated, went up to Pobanz, caught him by the

neck and shaking him violently said: "Satan's certainly got a hold on you."

Kehle, in class:—"Professor, which is Shakespeare's best comedy, 'Romeo and Juliet'?"

Prof.:—" 'As you like it.' "

Waitress:—(at a church affair) "Your sextette and quartette did excellent work."

Menzel:—(dreaming) "No, thank you, I don't care for any more."

Bierbaum:—"Ma! I stole twenty-three bases in Elmhurst this spring."

Mother:—"Come out to the woodshed, my son!"

Pat, to the Editor:—"How much do ye charge for a funeral notice?"

Editor:—"One dollar an inch."

Pat:—"Oh Lord! and to think that me poor brither was six feet four!"

House Senior, making his rounds at ten o'clock:—"All in?"

Kreuzer:—(answering from bed) "Nope! I'm not played out yet."

THE ELMHURST PICTURE GALLERY

'The Cackling Banty'	Egli
'A Nocturnal Appearance'	Auler
'A Pecuniary Blessing'	A. Bohn
'The Street Rabble'	Klick
'Our Valentine'	Hart Brothers
'A Convalescent Jew'	Judie Low
'The Prodigal Son'	Edward Sinning
'Rigolletto, the Court Fool'	W. Witt

Prof:—"Well—has no one got the problem yet?"

Student:—(eagerly snapping his fingers) "Yes sir!
I've got it but I haven't got the right answer!"

If Paul Schmidt would keep his outbursts of Witt to himself, would he be Sinning?

Did you ever see lanky Ed. Irion and Bohn walk down the street? They are a funny sight! The one is very "Skinny" and the other is all "Bohn."

Schoppe, at the table:—"I don't eat pie anymore, it gets in my stomach."

At the baseball game, after Chubby knocked a foul, the manager yelled:—"Run Chubby, it's a bird!"

Schlinkie:—"No, it's a foul!"

Sagacious Bahnsen:—"Well, isn't that what he said!"

If Chicken Seybold Bizer own Kitty will Bretthauer?

"So you are from Providence, are you?"

"No, from Providence, R. I."

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THE PROPHECY FULFILLED

BY FRED FUEHRING.

Sylvia gazed out over the water. It was a beautiful sight—the blue Mediterranean reflecting the gorgeous Italian sunset. But the sunset was always gorgeous and the Mediterranean was always blue. To Sylvia it seemed like a great, restless, living thing searching for something it could not find. Always searching for something it could not find. Always searching, splashing on and on—sometimes, angered with itself, it became turbulent and rushed along like a great, mad thing, and then it would grow calm and peaceful as if reconciled to the fact that it could never find what it searched for.

“Poor thing!” she would murmur, “You’ll never find it! Never—never—never!” And the sea would sigh and answer back, “Never—never—never!”

To-day as she stood there she shook her head sadly, “You are like myself, restless and eager for the to-morrow, and to-morrow comes and never brings what we wish for! But you are peaceful at times and I am never so! I am always restless, longing for something—I know not what!” and Sylvia, turning, took the path back to the hotel.

This was Sylvia Camden! This sad girl was the one whom all Europe was hailing as the greatest American singer. Her girlish beauty and lovely voice had caused many a heartache.

She had gained fame, but she did not care for it; she was weary of seeing her name in startling headlines in all the leading newspapers of Europe; it was such a bore to

have camera fiends waiting at the hotel door; the perfume of the bouquets from her many admirers had grown sickening to her, and she cast aside the cards of the adoring nobility. She hated it all! She had that same desire that the sea had—that irresistible longing for something which she never could define.

To-night was her last musicale in Europe. She would go back to America as soon as possible. Back to her native land where she would be happy; back where she would understand people and people would understand her. There in that land of the free there were no Italian nobles, no monocled Englishmen, no German barons, no *monsieurs*, no *signors*, no crowned heads to sing before.

So it was that she reached her apartments with a happier heart. She looked over her program for the night’s performance, and then took from a box in which she kept her keepsakes, a song that she had sung on the night of her graduation from the high school, back in the states.

As she turned the pages, there fell from between them a printed page. Upon reading it she uttered a little exclamation of delight. Her maid looked up quizzically from her serving. “Oh, Marie!” cried Sylvia, eagerly. “Here’s our class prophecy. Just think, this was written eight years ago, when I graduated from the high school. Listen!” and curling up in the silk cushions, Sylvia read the prophecy, explaining it all, describing the ones named in it, and recalling incidents of her Senior year.

“And yours? What was your fate to be?” queried the little maid.

“Mine?” Sylvia blushed. “Here was the prophecy

made for me, 'I see Sylvia Camden winning fame as a singer in a distant land and Dale London wedding her in after years.' But it never came true, Marie. Fate intervened," Sylvia laughingly finished. But the little maid knew that there was a sigh and a tear in the laugh.

"And you have not seen him since?" asked the little maid.

Sylvia did not answer. She was gazing out over the blue sea, but she did not see the sunset or the clouds. She was a "sweet girl graduate" again, and once more she was listening to Dale London delivering his valedictory. And once again she heard the manly young fellow saying to her, "We'll fulfill the prophecy some day, Sylvia, won't we?" Then came his departure for college and she came to Berlin to study singing. They had quarreled in their letters and had dropped the correspondence.

But Marie interrupted her reverie. "Your song, Miss Sylvia?"

"Oh, I had almost forgotten. Listen and I'll sing it for you. It's very simple, but it's so vastly different from what I have been singing and I thought it would be a change!"

Sylvia crossed over to the piano in the little sitting room and struck a few deep, rich chords and then in her full, sweet soprano sang "My Love of Long Ago."

It was a pretty thing—sweet in its simplicity and its melody was charming. Marie stood enraptured. To Marie's sentimental little heart it seemed as if this song had been written expressly for Sylvia, that Sylvia realized it and that it was this that caused her to sing it so earnestly.

"It's heavenly!" exclaimed Marie, as the sweet singer arose. "They will go wild over you!"

"You little flatterer," laughed Sylvia. "But come, there's the dinner gong!"

* * * * *

The audience that night was, as usual, a large one, for everyone was clamoring to hear Sylvia Camden and this was to be her last appearance in Europe.

As she came upon the stage the usual buzz of admiration circled thru the audience. Sylvia was dazzlingly beautiful to-night—exasperatingly attractive. She seemed like a goddess of old and the audience were her worshippers.

In her last number she sang before the most attentive and appreciative audience in Italy. It was her school song, "My Love of Long Ago." Her very heart and soul seemed to send out the last word:

"Oh, where art thou to-night, my love?
My love of long ago."

The sweet, girlish songster left the stage. For a moment the audience was silent in reverent awe, and then such a storm of applause arose as had never been heard in the big theater before.

Sylvia, with flushed and pleased face, hurried back to her dressing room. In a few minutes a huge box of roses appeared. Reading the card Sylvia gasped. "Marie!" she cried. "What can it mean? It reads, 'From Your Love of Long Ago.' I wonder—"

"Could it be—" stammered Marie.

"Nonsense! Let us go back to the hotel. Come!"

When they reached the hotel a page stepped forward. "Gentleman in the east parlor wishes to see Miss Camden."

Surprised, Sylvia crossed over to the east parlor. Who could it be? She pushed aside the heavy portiere and entered. A tall, broad-shouldered fellow met her gaze.

He arose and came forward. "I was in Venice, Sylvia, and heard that you were here."

"Dale London!" cried Sylvia.

Needless to say, the prophecy did come true.



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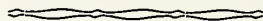
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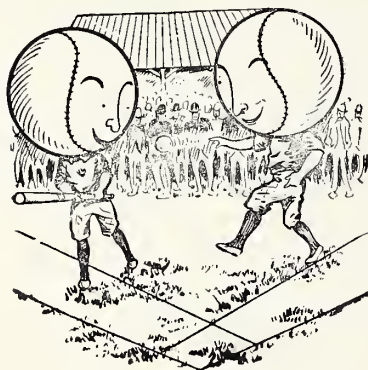
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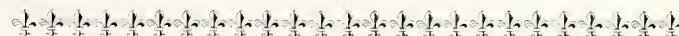
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